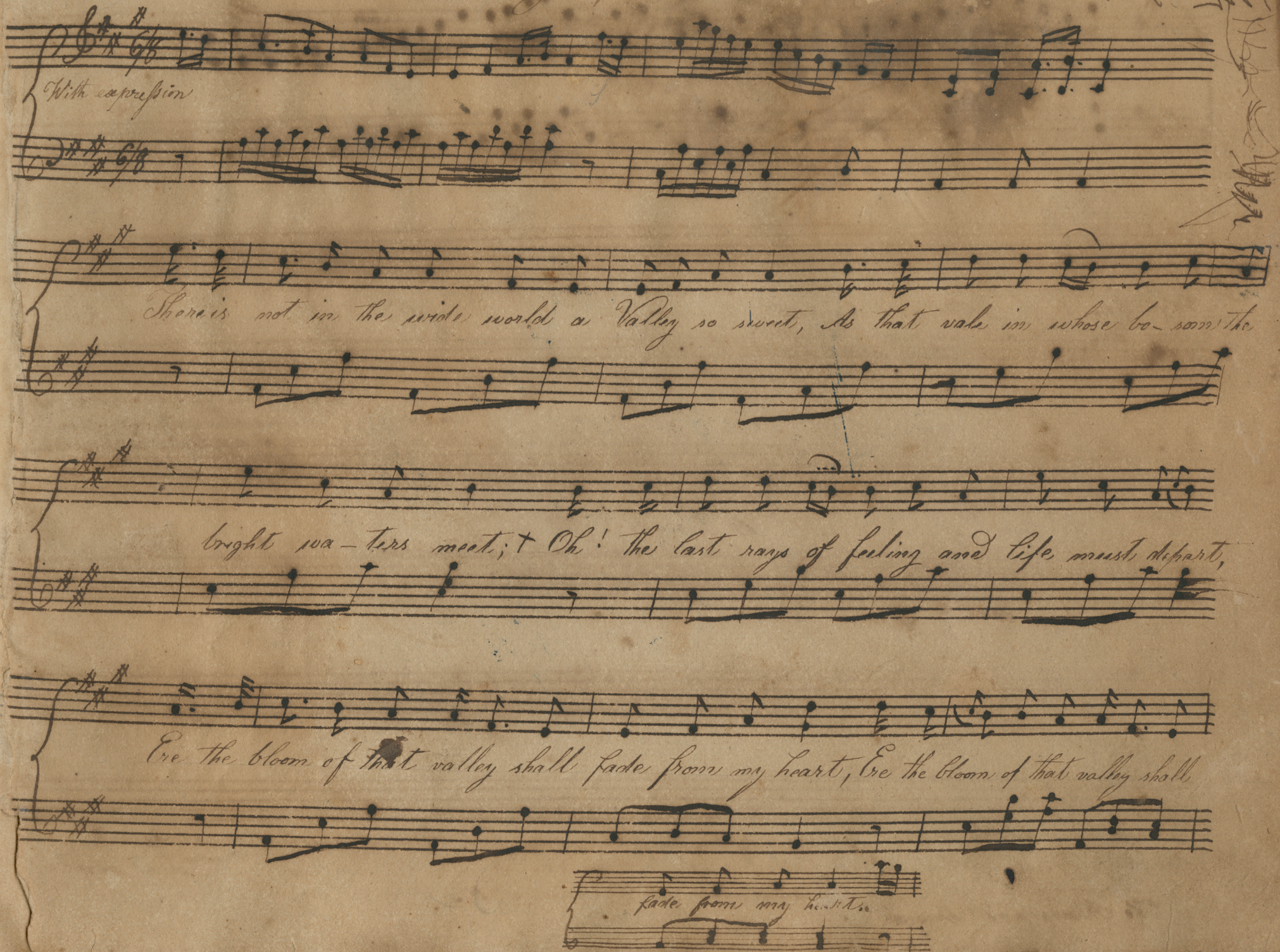
1867. 1867. 18

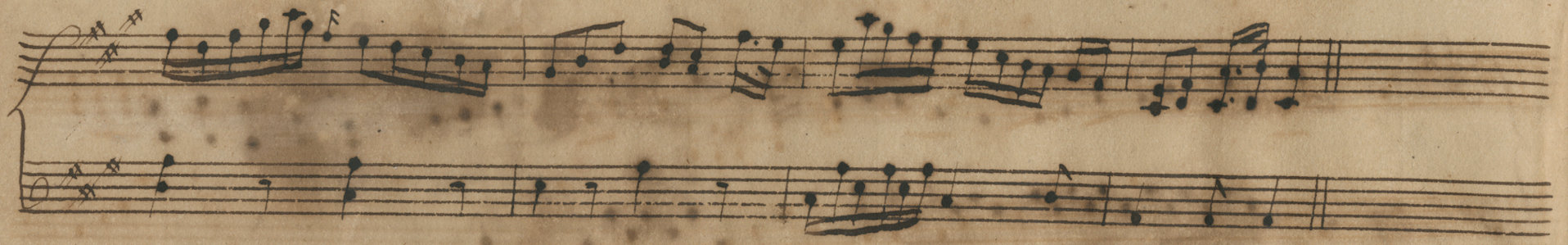
[97-034]
204.6 –
MUMS-00085

Miss Lucy A. Baltzell
Oak Grove
Alabama

Miss Lucy A Baltzell
Oak Grove
Alabama

The Meeting of the Waters





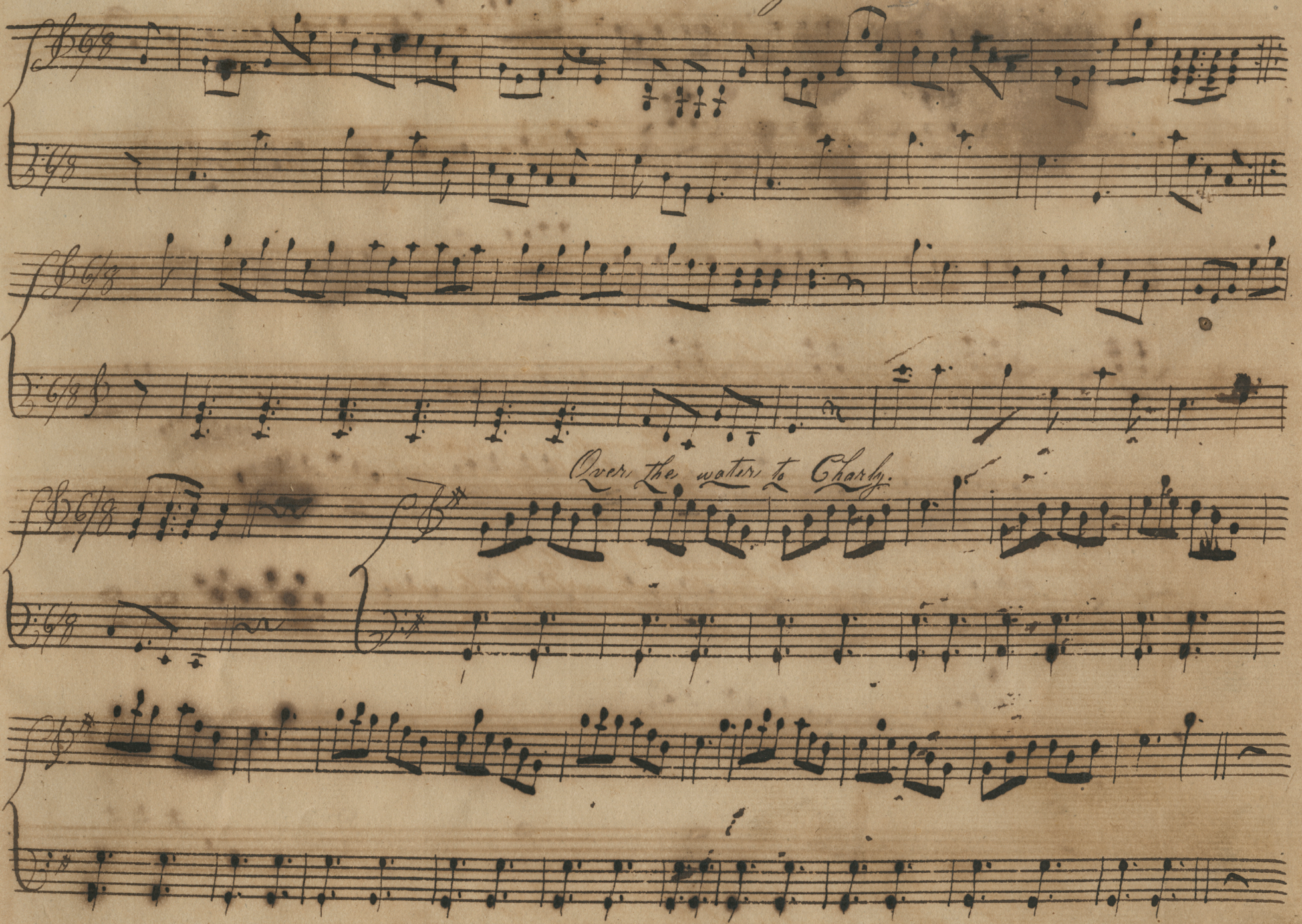
2) Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh no – it was something more exquisite still.

3) 'Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom, were near
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

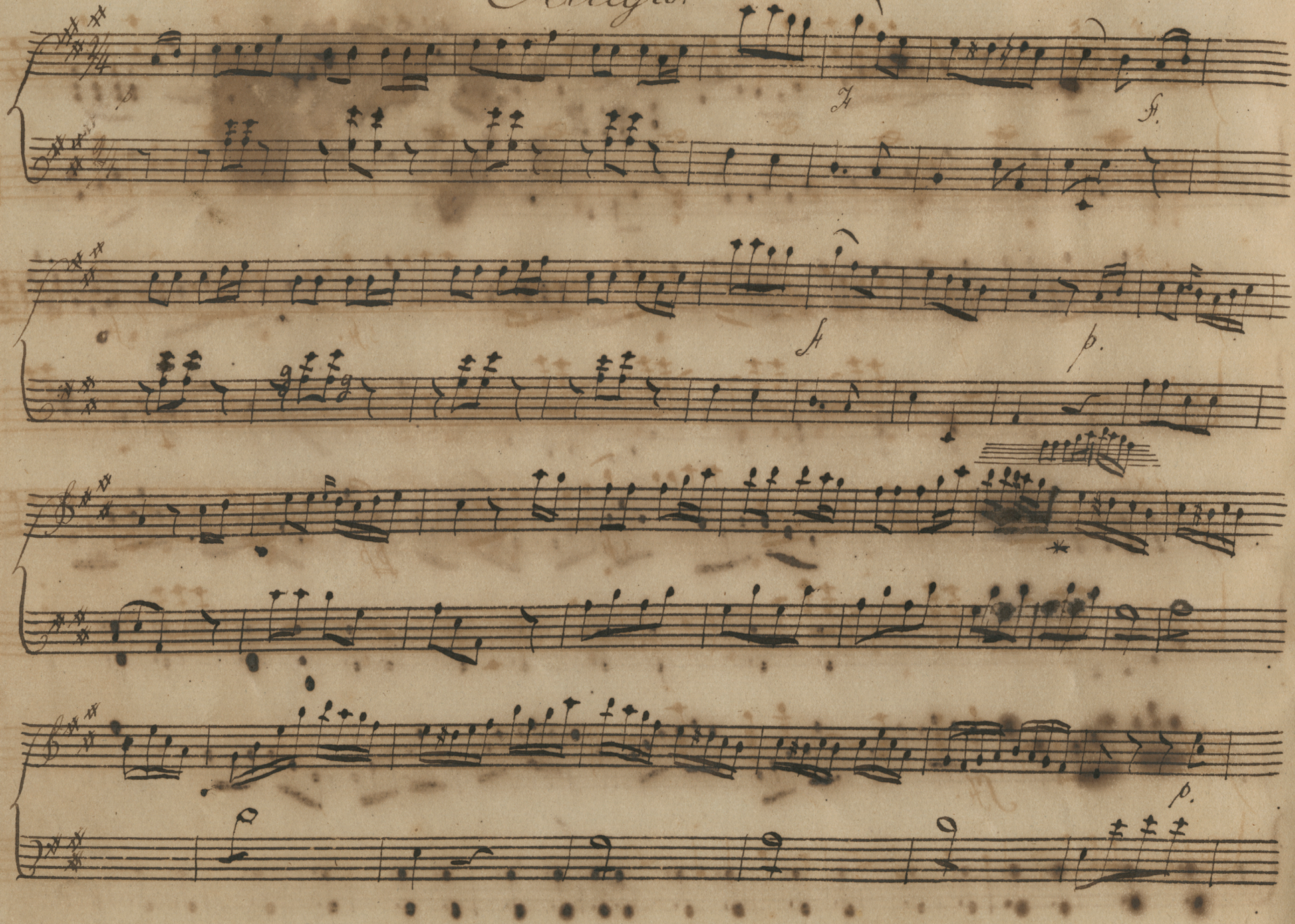
4) Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,
In the bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

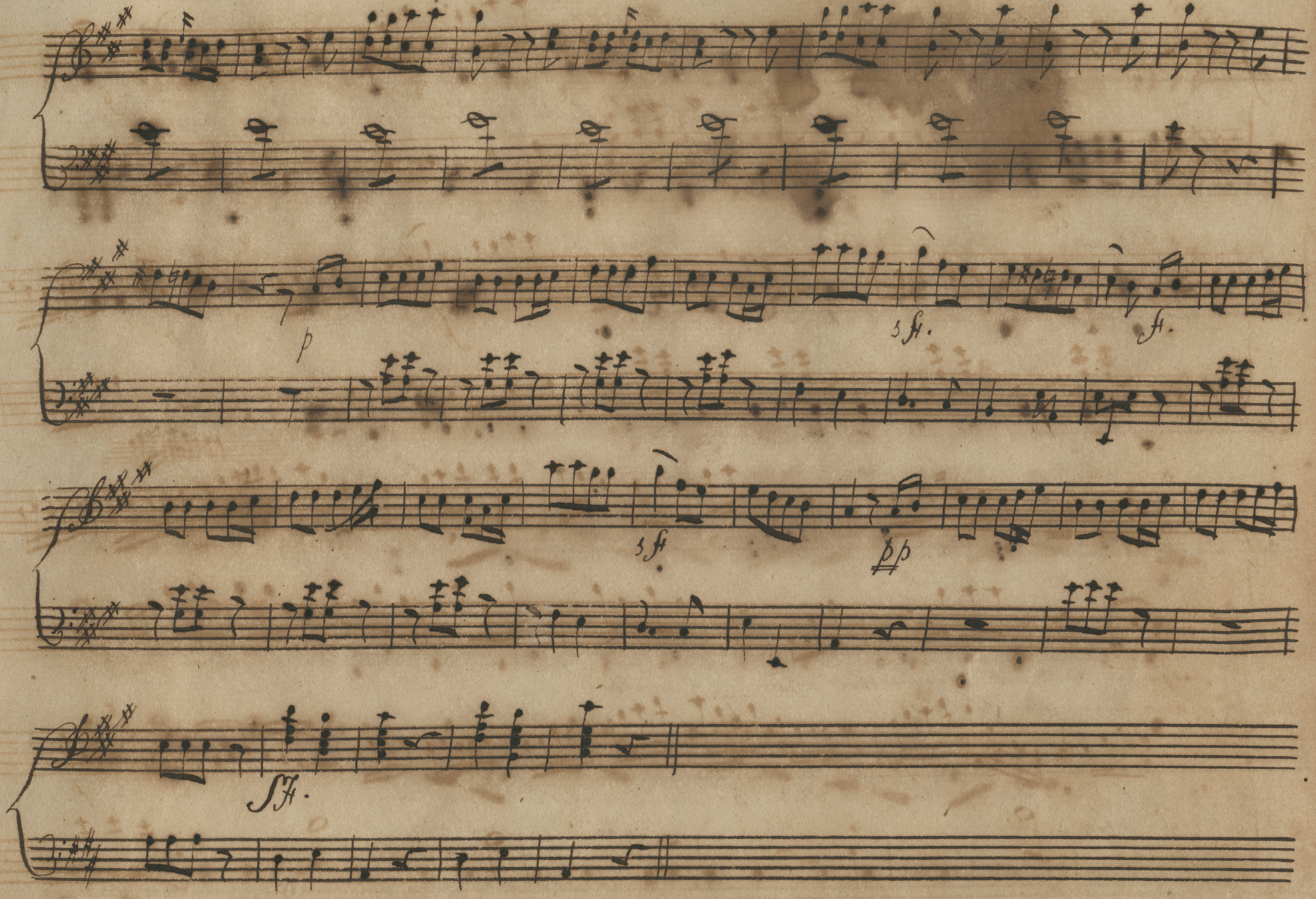
x The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.
+ The Rivers and Avoca.

Rural Felicity.

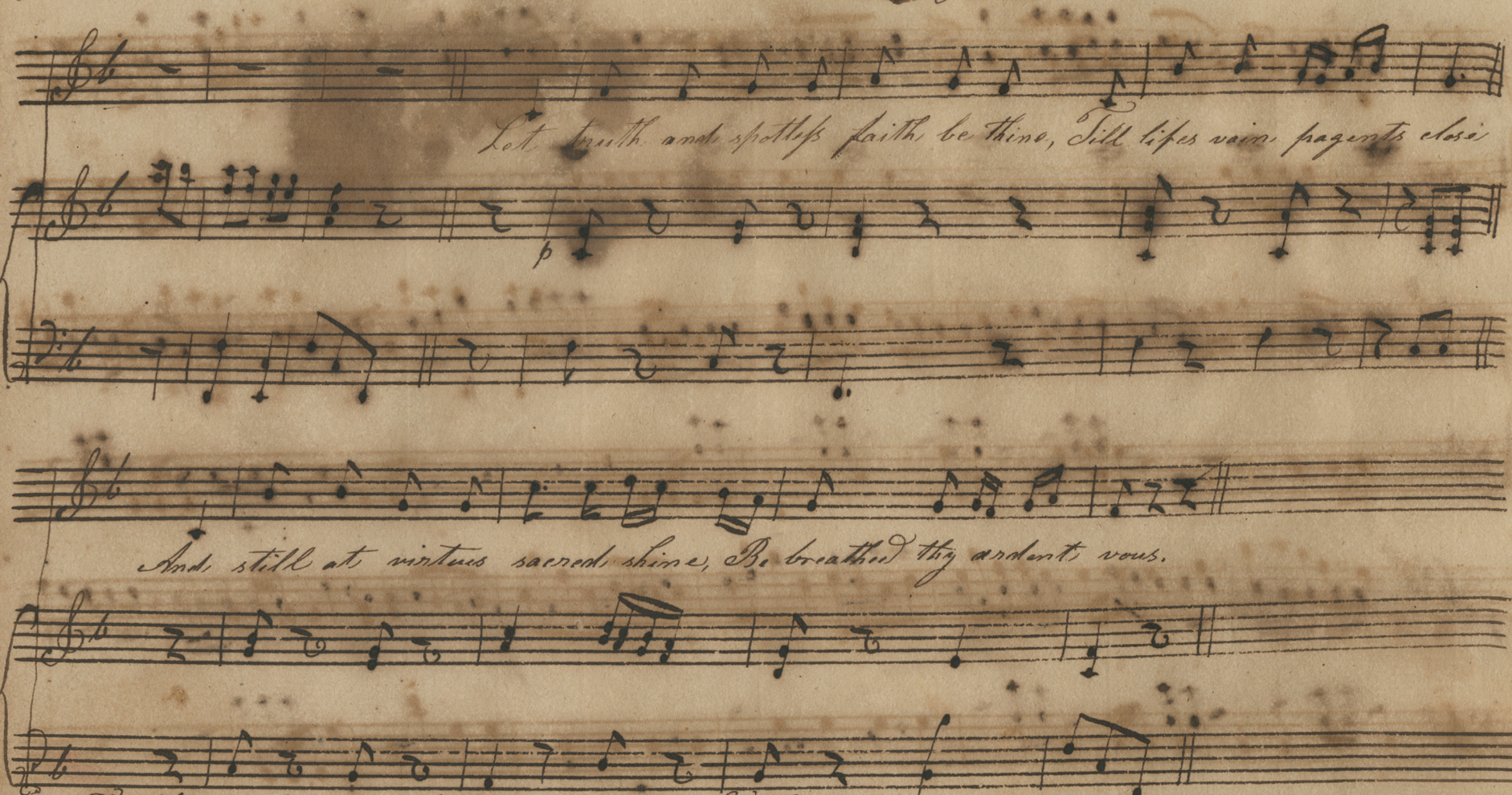


Allegro.




p
sf.
ff.
sf
pp
sf.

Free Mason song.



2) Thy pilgrims path with flowers shall bloom
And sunshine glad the day
While undismayed we see the tomb
And smile at lifes decay.

3) Content serene thy steps shall bide
Fair maid of Mine divine
And sweet shall taste the changeful tide
And cups of rosy wine.

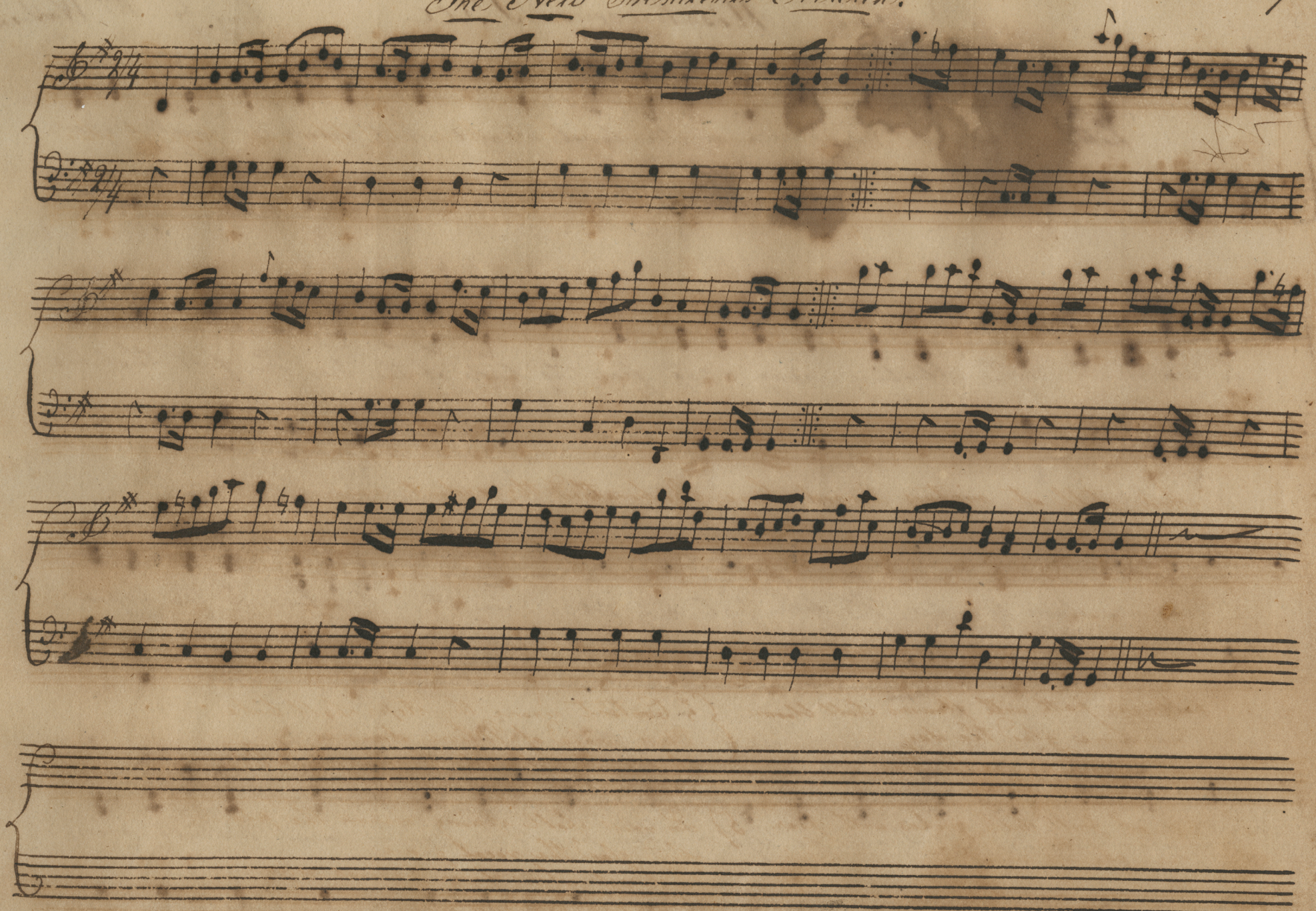
4) The slave of guilt still quakes with fear
Thy Syrone charms invite
No joy his languid day shall cheer
No rest repose the night.

5) In vain shall spring revive the plain
And glad the vocal grove
The breast where baser passions reign
No warm raptures move.

6) He shudders at the whispering breese
Upbraids with guilt and fear
In vain the dream of life shall cease
Nor cease his terrors there.

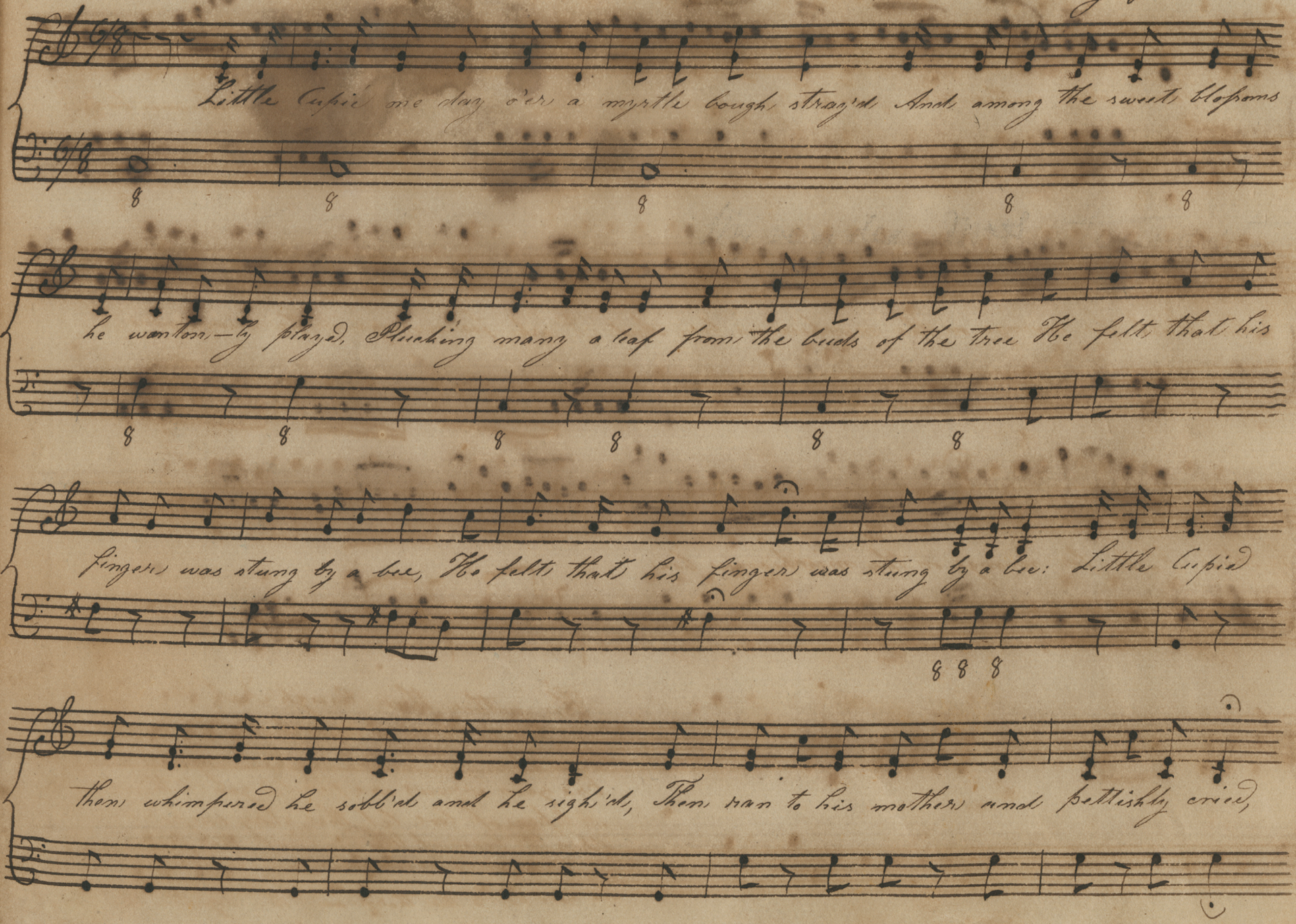
7) Oh! then let truth and be thine
Till lifes vain prospect fade
And still at virtues sacred shine
Thine ardents vows be paid.

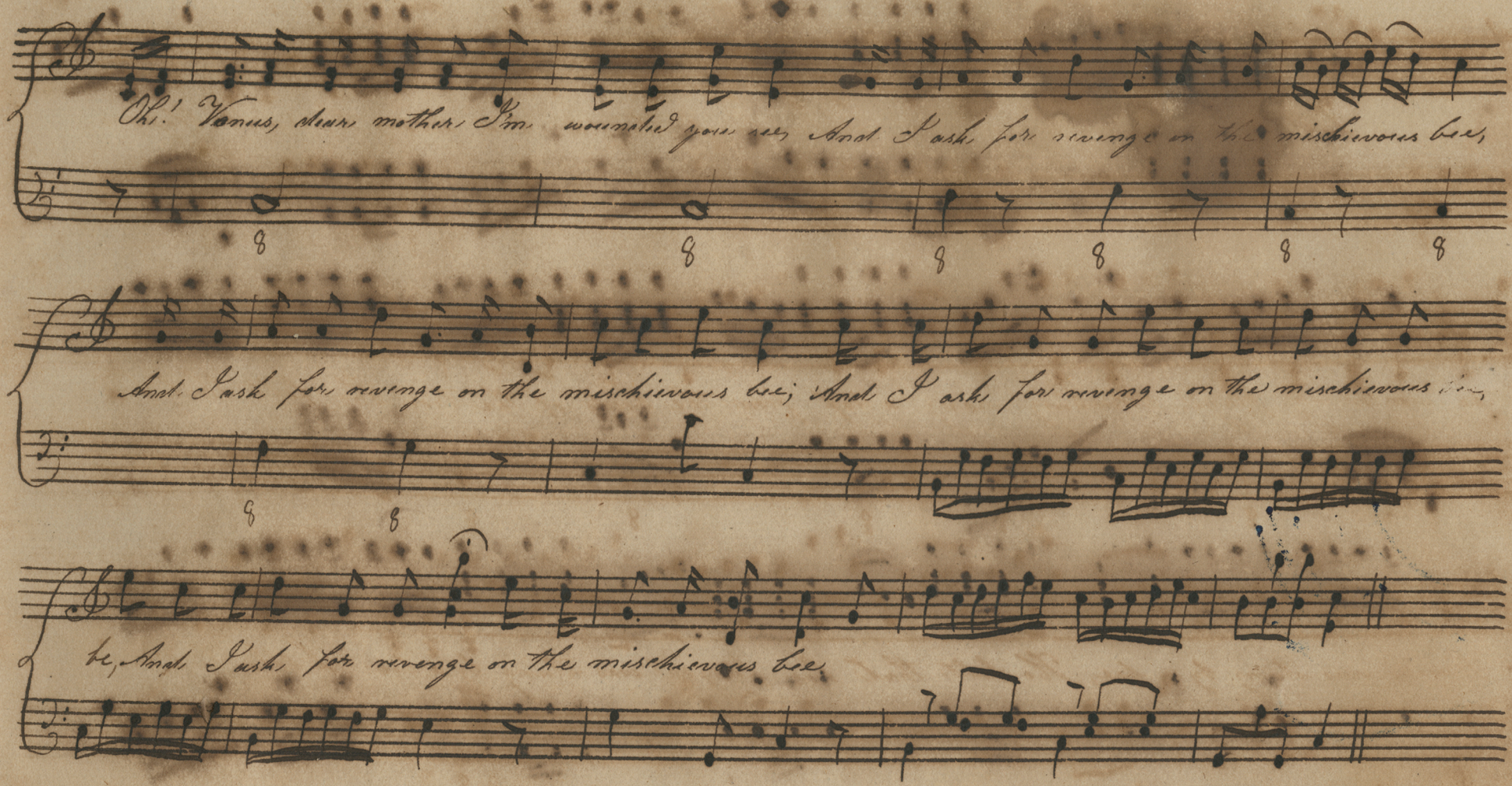
The New Presidents March.



The Mischievous Bee.

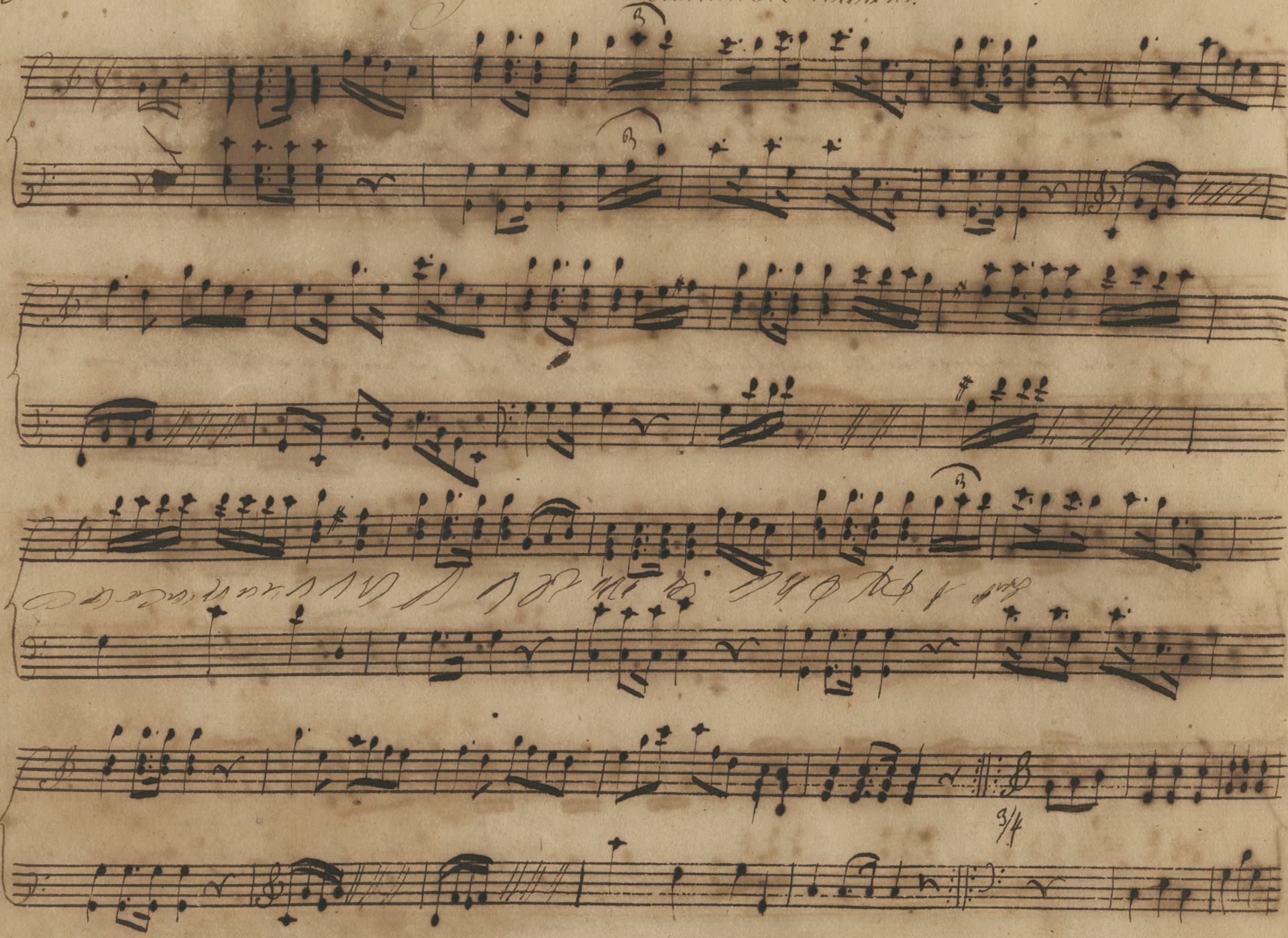
Sung by Mrs. Warren.

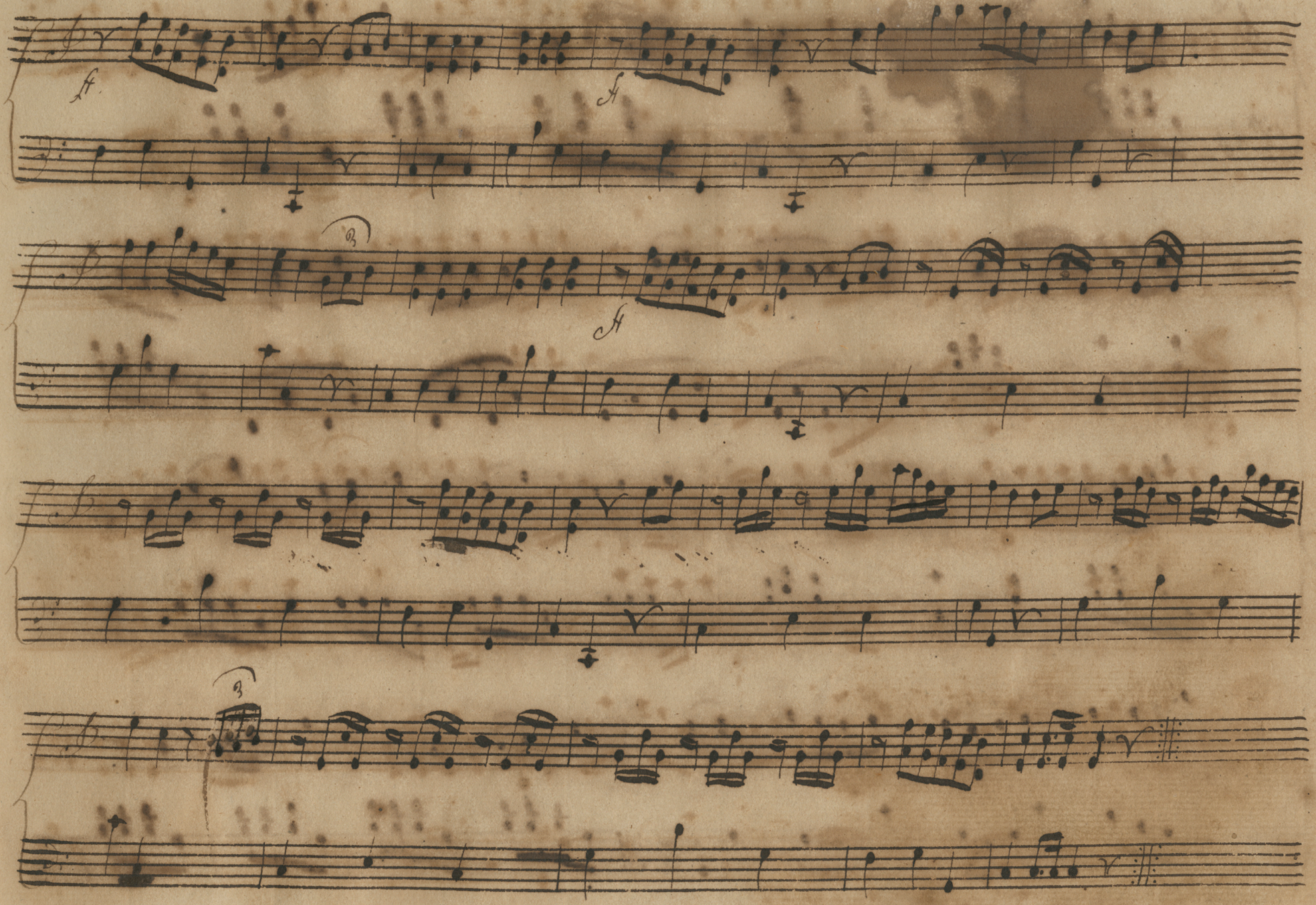




His mother then laugh'd at the story he told
On his forehead of snow stroked his ringlets of gold
Now when you wound another my lad answer me this
Ere your arrows are painted you'll think on the bee.
A lesson of love let the story impart,
When the beam of the eye lights the flame of the heart
Ye fair ones remember while yet you are free
The rose hides the thorn and the myrtle the bee.

General Monreau's March.




ff
ff
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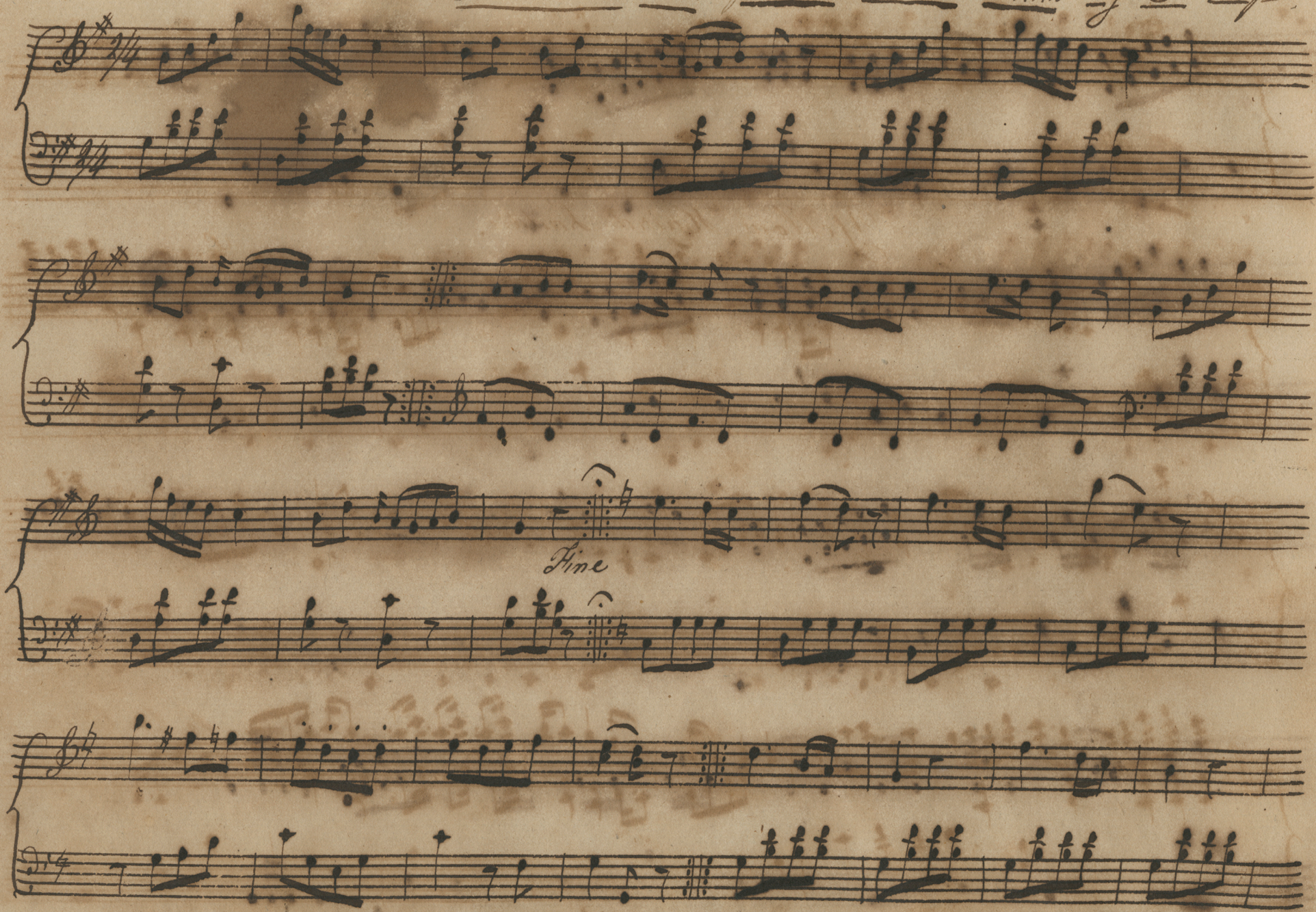
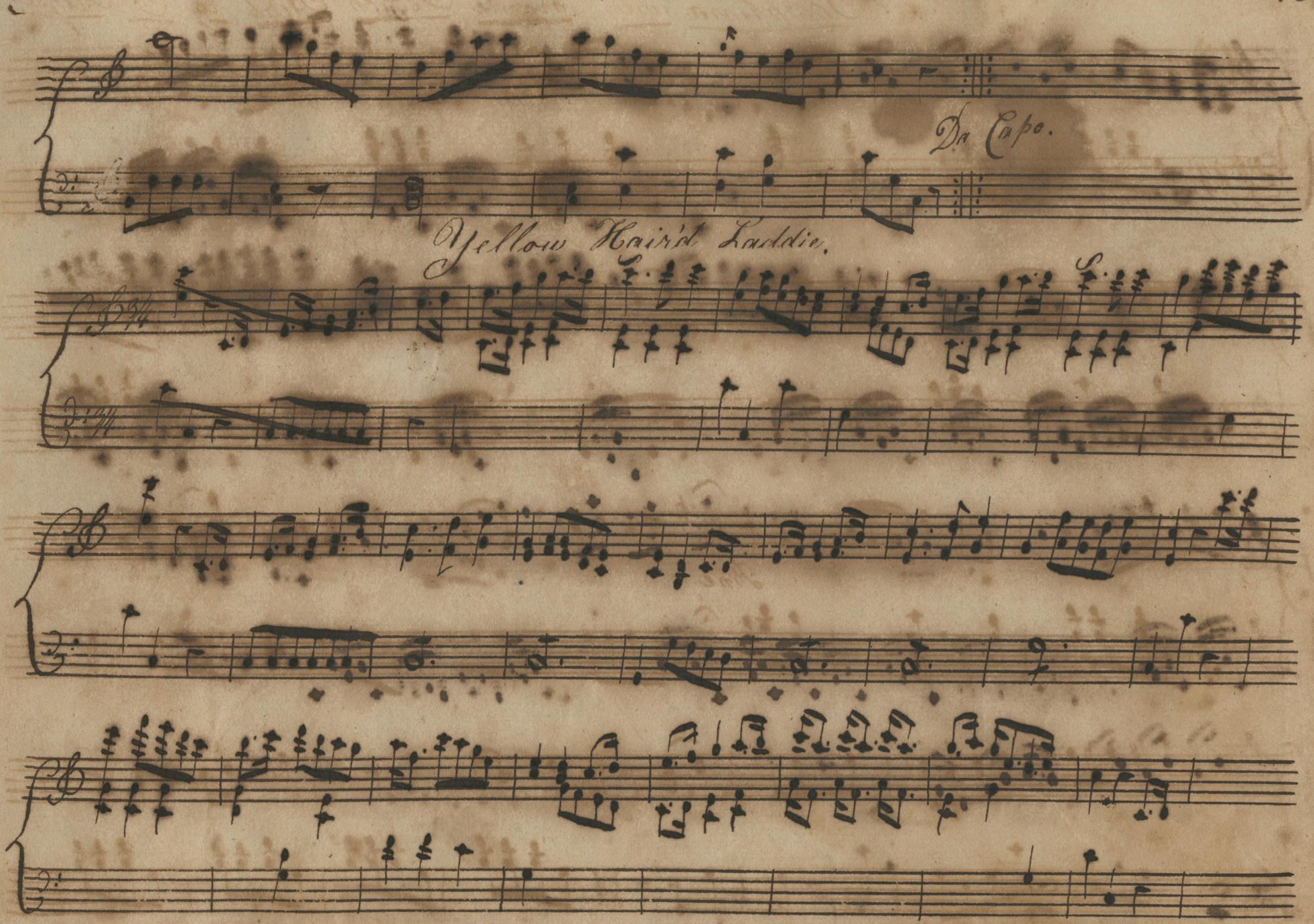
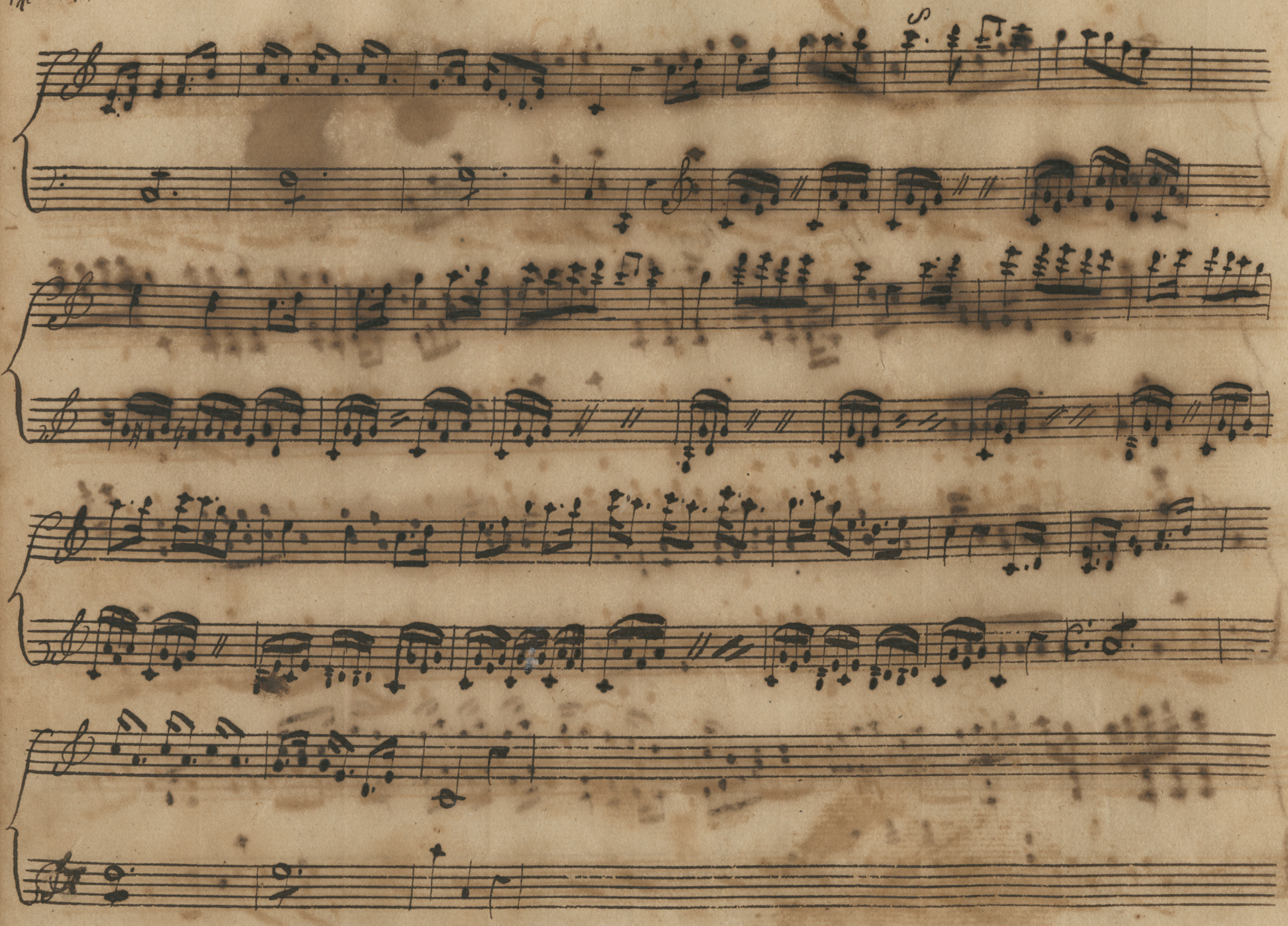
ff
3

Sonatina with favorite Scotch Airs by I. Pleyel




Da Capo.
Yellow Hair'd Laddie.



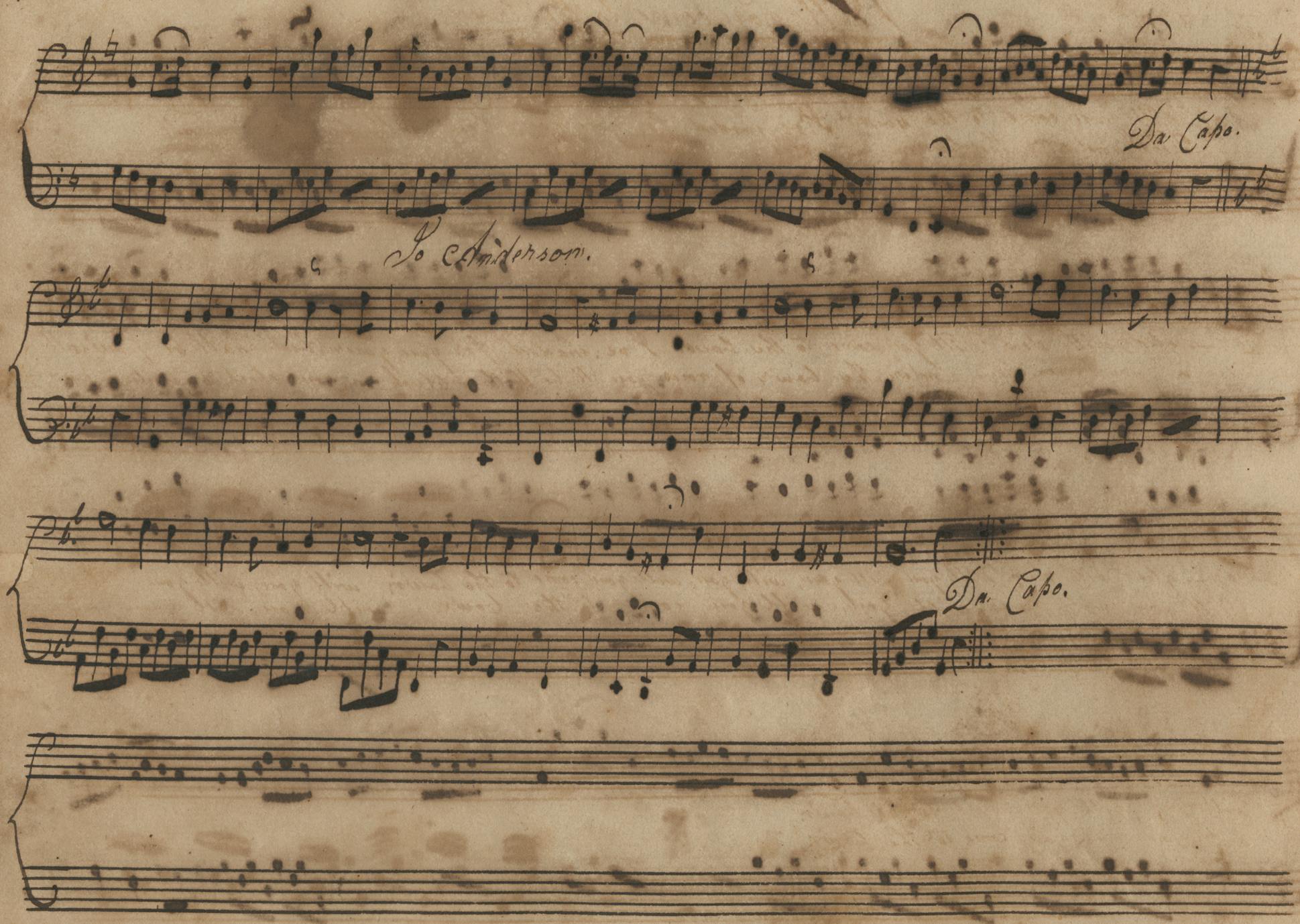
Duncan Gray.

Rondo

Allegretto

Fine

Corn Riggs.


Da. Capo.
Jo Anderson.
Da. Capo.

Will you come to the bowr.

1 "Will you come to the bowr. I've shaded for you your bed shall be flowrs all
2 There under the bowr of roses you'll be with a blush on your cheek and a

span — gled with dew. Will you come to the bowr I've shaded for you your bed shall be flowrs all
smile in your eye. There under the bowr of roses you ill be with a blush on your cheek & a smile in your eye

span — gled with dew. Will you, will you, will you, will you, come to the bowr; will you, will you
Will you, will you, will you, will you, come to the bowr, will you, will you,

will you, will you, come to the bowr.
will you, will you, come to the bowr.

Friend of my soul.

Friend of my soul this goblet sip 'twill chase that pensive tear 'Tis not

so sweet as woman's lip but ah! its more sincere. Friend of my soul this

goblet sip 'twill chase that pensive tear.

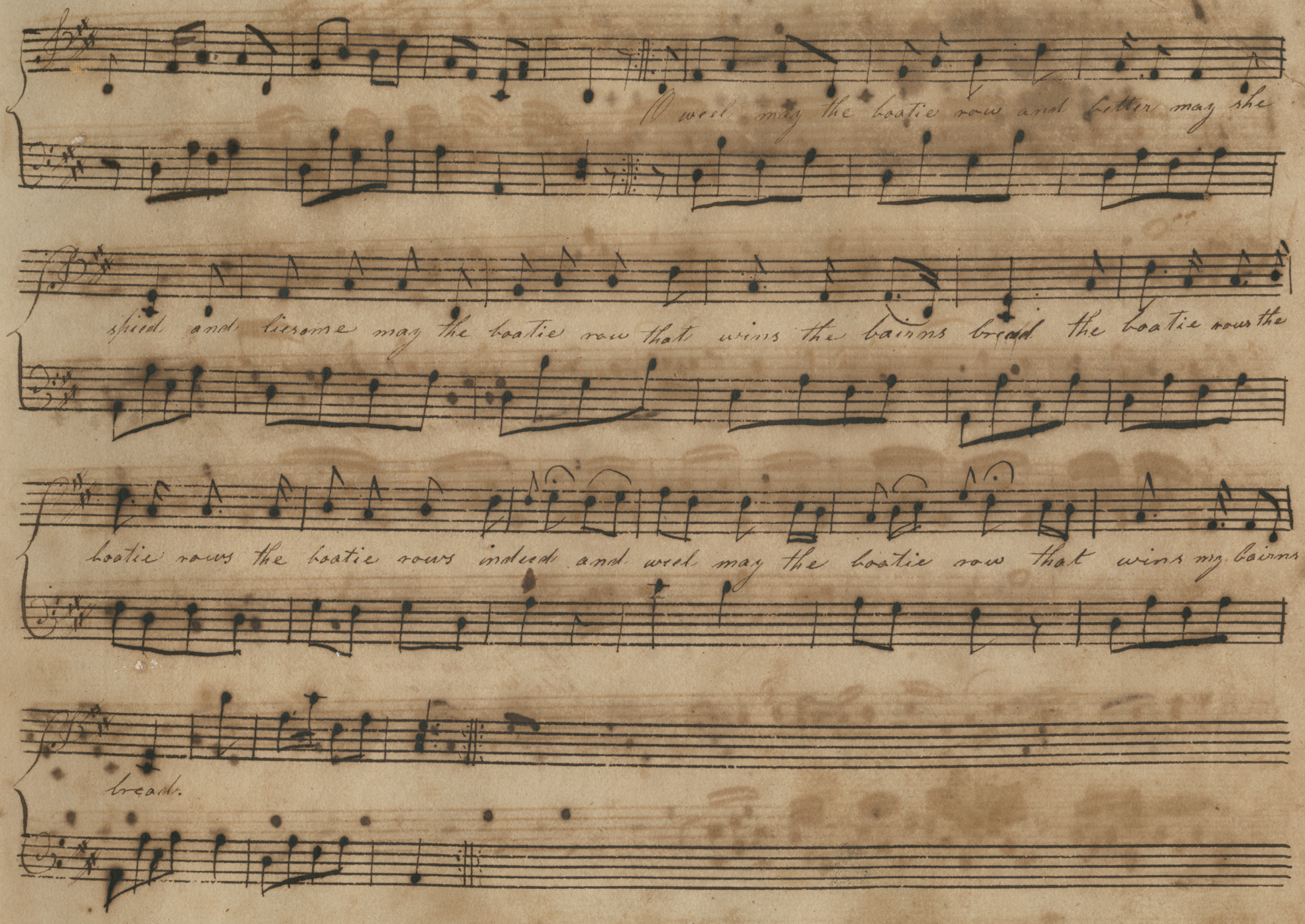
v 2) Come twine this wreath thy brows to shade
These flowers were culled at noon:
Like Woman's love the Rose will fade
But oh not half so soon: Friend of my soul &c.

v 3) 'Tis tho'

v 4) Like her sweet delusive beam
'Twill steal away thy mind:
But like affection's happy dream
It leaves no sting behind. Friend of my soul &c.

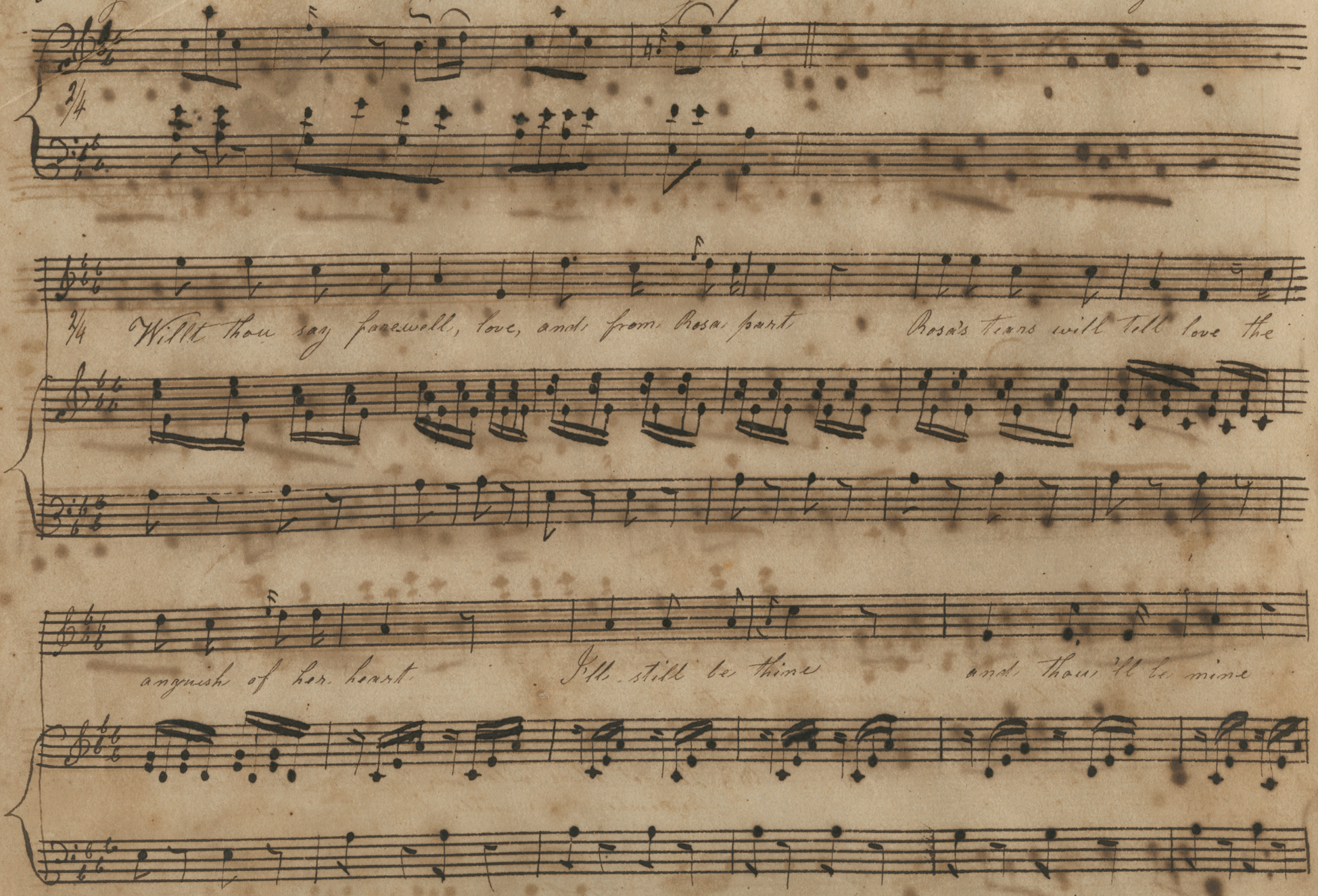
Slow

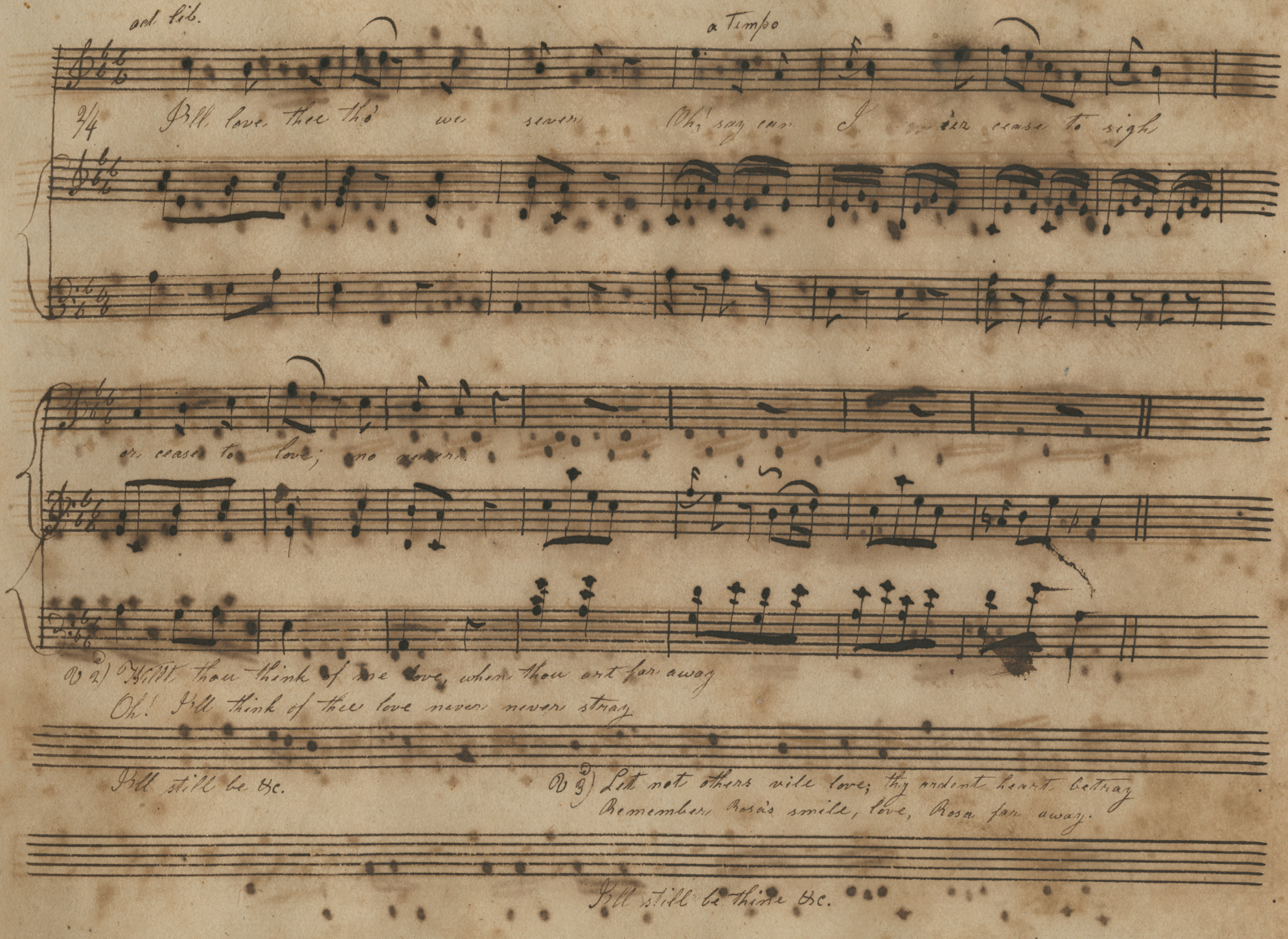
The Boatie Rows.



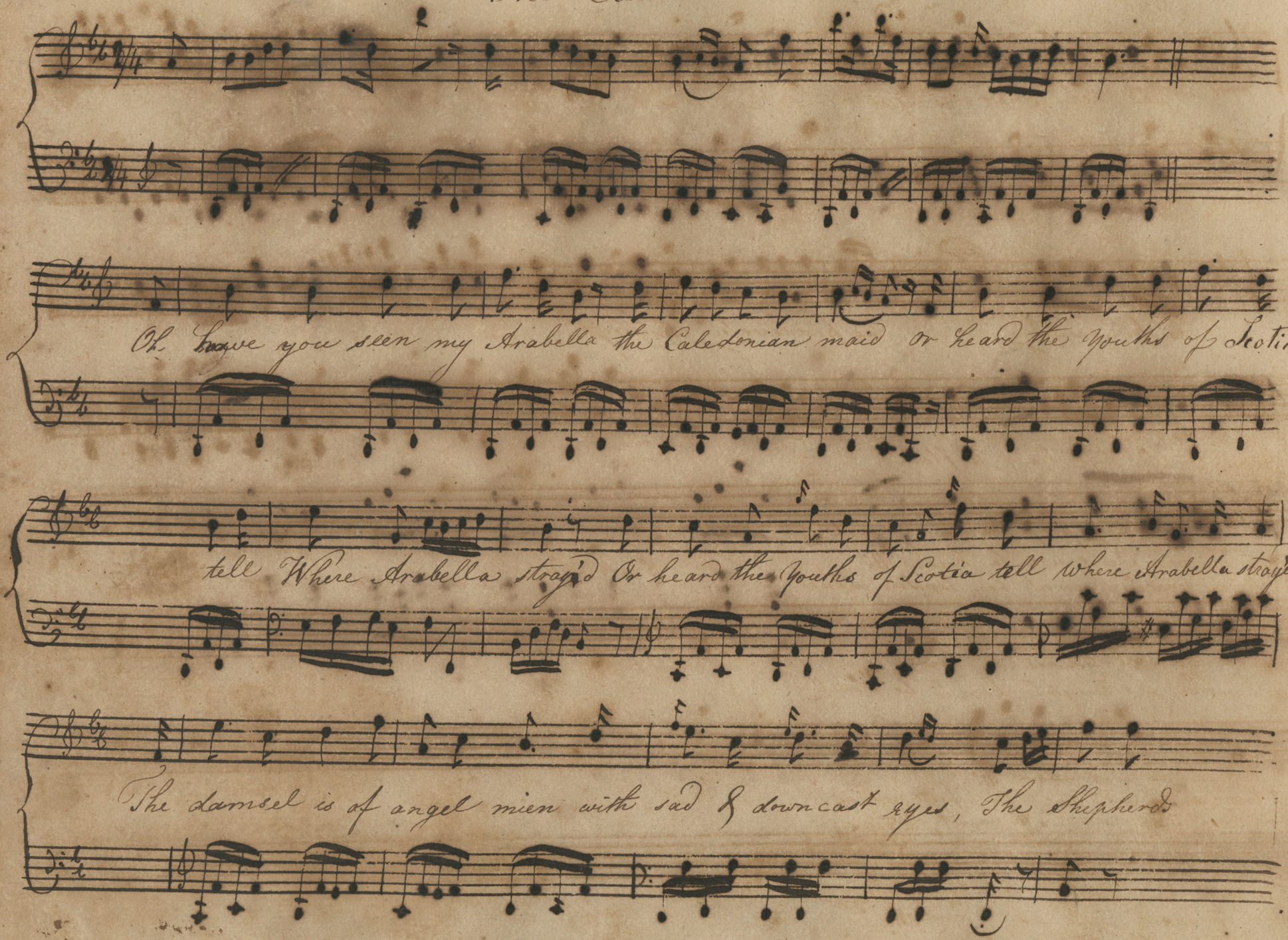
Willt thou say farewell Love.

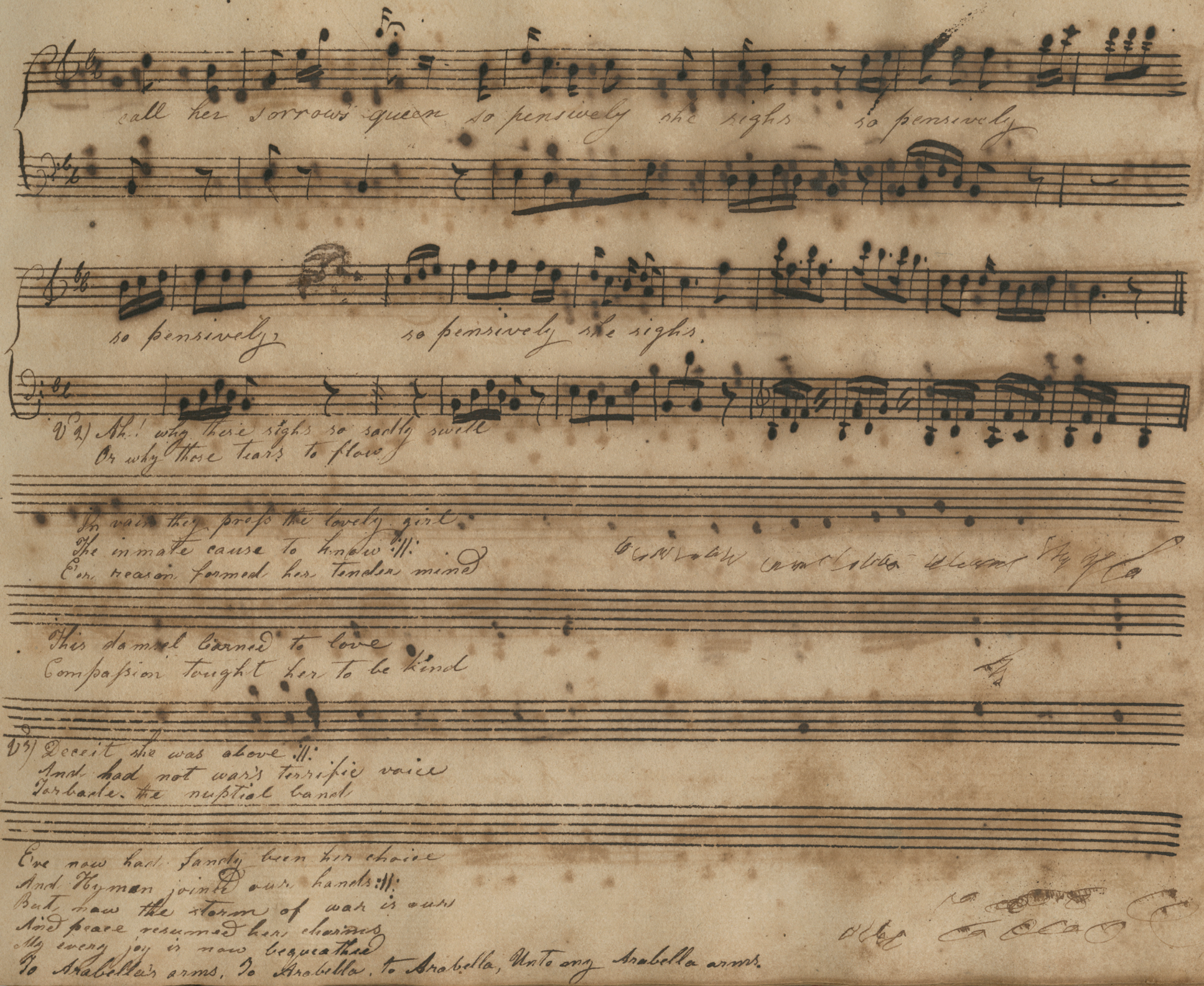
Tenderly. By Moore.



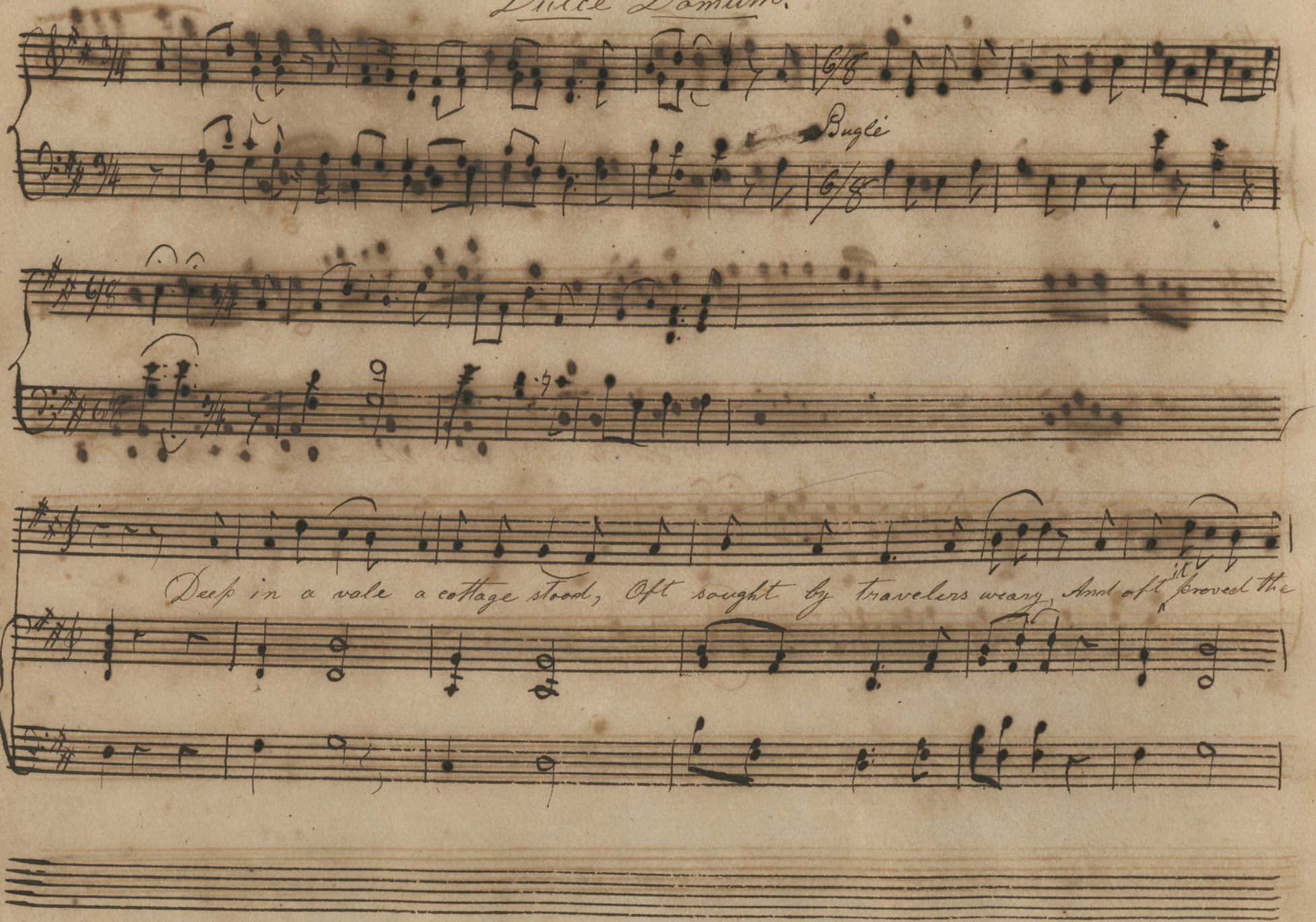

ad lib.
a Tempo
3/4
I'll love thee tho' we sever Oh! say can I cease to sigh
or cease to love; no never
2) Will thou think of me love, when thou art far away
Oh! I'll think of thee love never never stray
I'll still be &c.
2) Let not others vile love; thy ardent heart betray
Remember Rosa's smile, love, Rosa far away.
I'll still be thine &c.

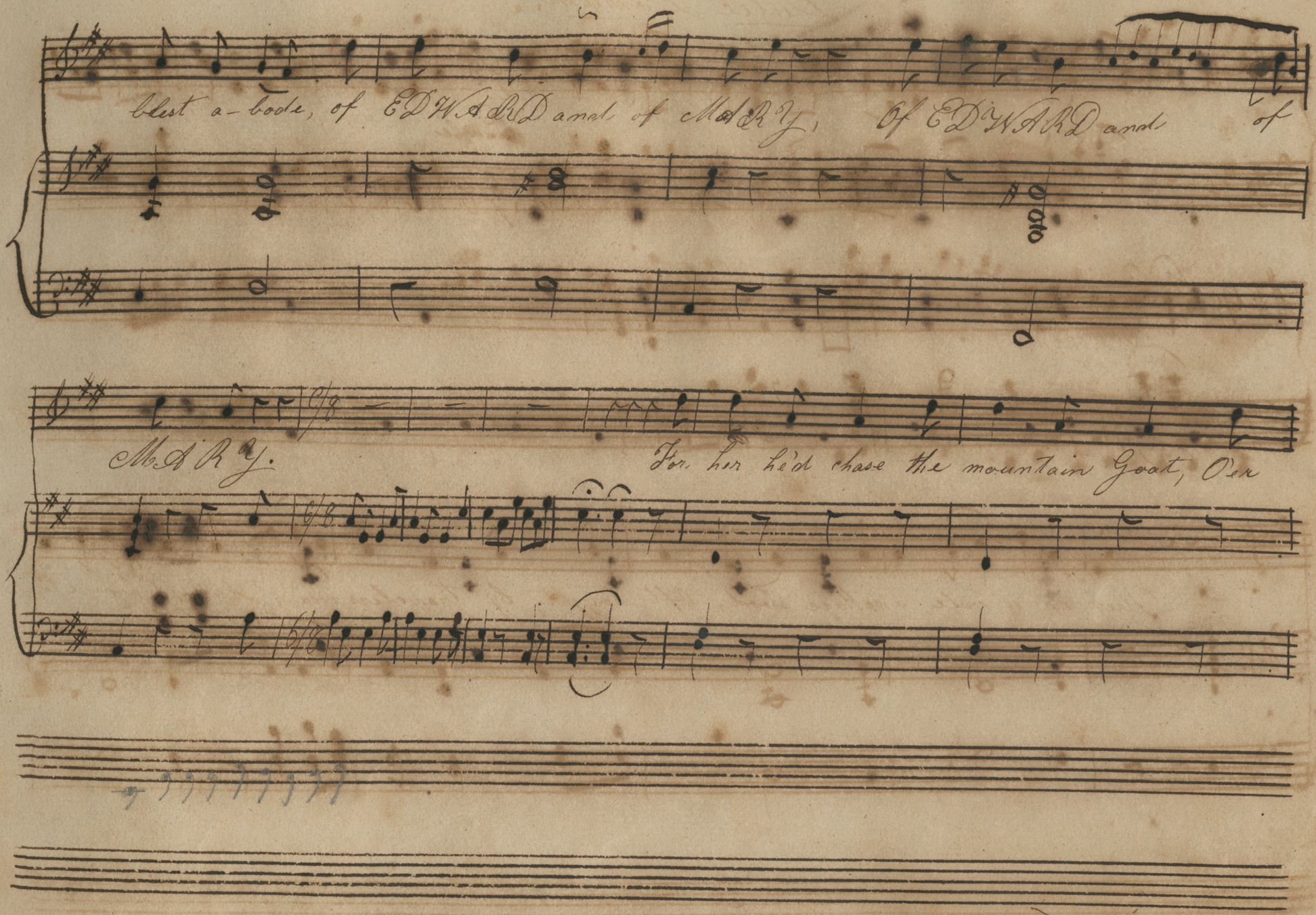
The Caledonian Maid

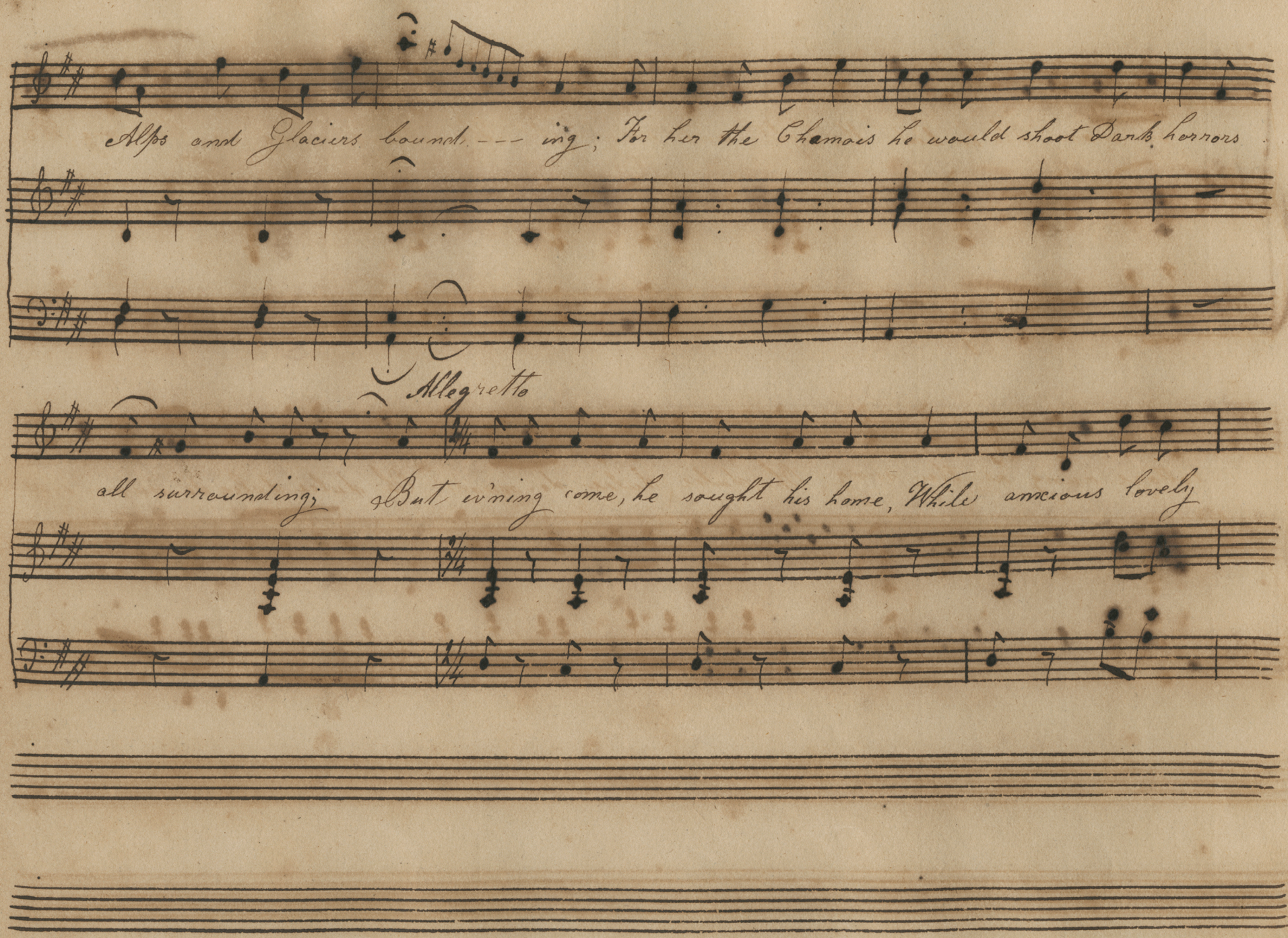


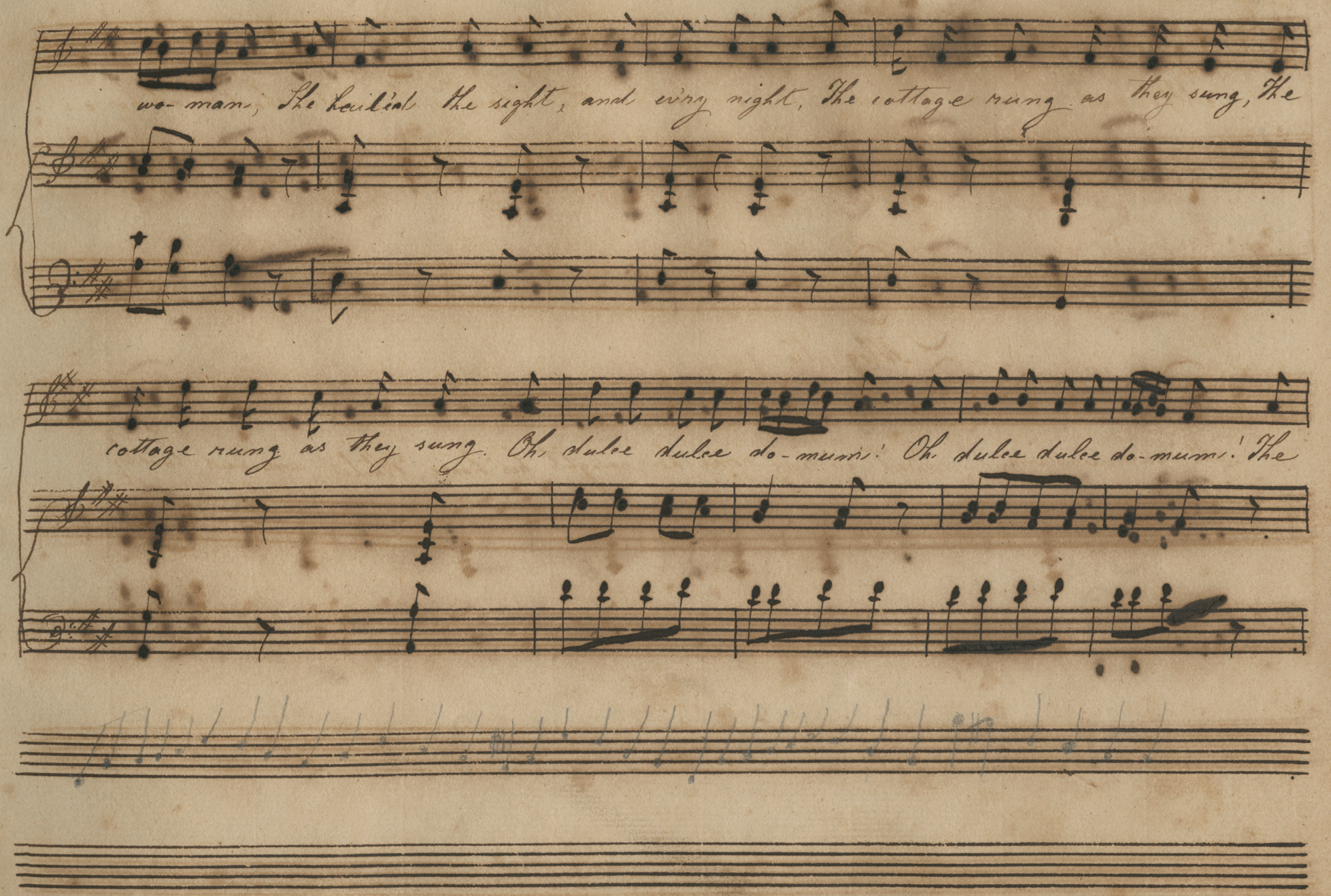

call her sorrows queen so pensively she sighs so pensively
so pensively so pensively she sighs.
Ah! why these sighs so sadly swell
Or why those tears to flow
In vain they prop the lovely girl
The inmate cause to know :||:
Ere reason formed her tenders mind
This damsel learnd to love
Compassion taught her to be kind
Deceit she was above :||:
And had not war's terrific voice
Forbade the nuptial band
Ere now had Sandy been her choice
And Hymen joinde our hands :||:
But now the storm of war is ours
And peace resumed her charms
My every joy is now bequeathed
To Arabella's arms. To Arabella. to Arabella, Unto my Arabella arms.

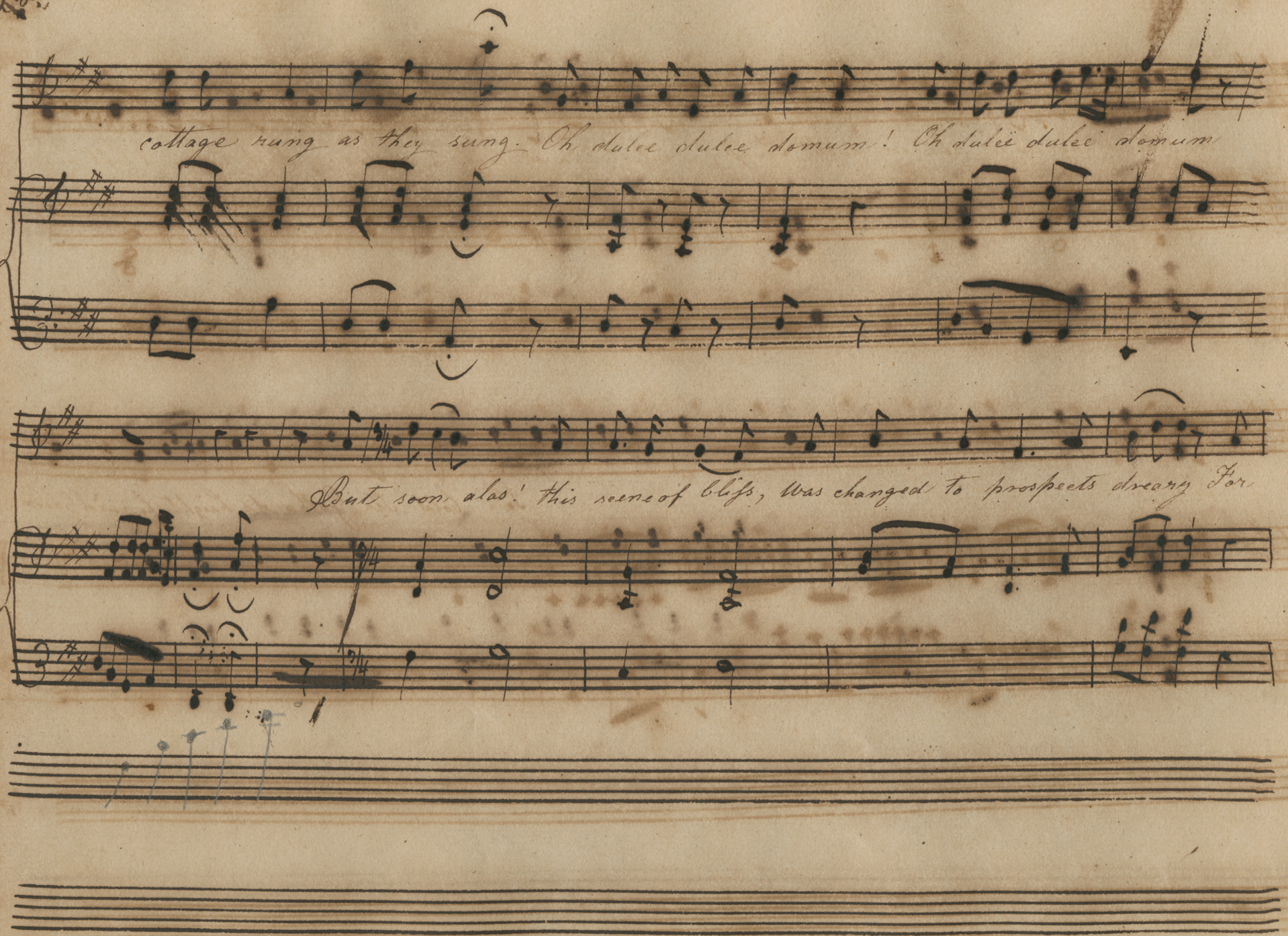
Dulce Domum.

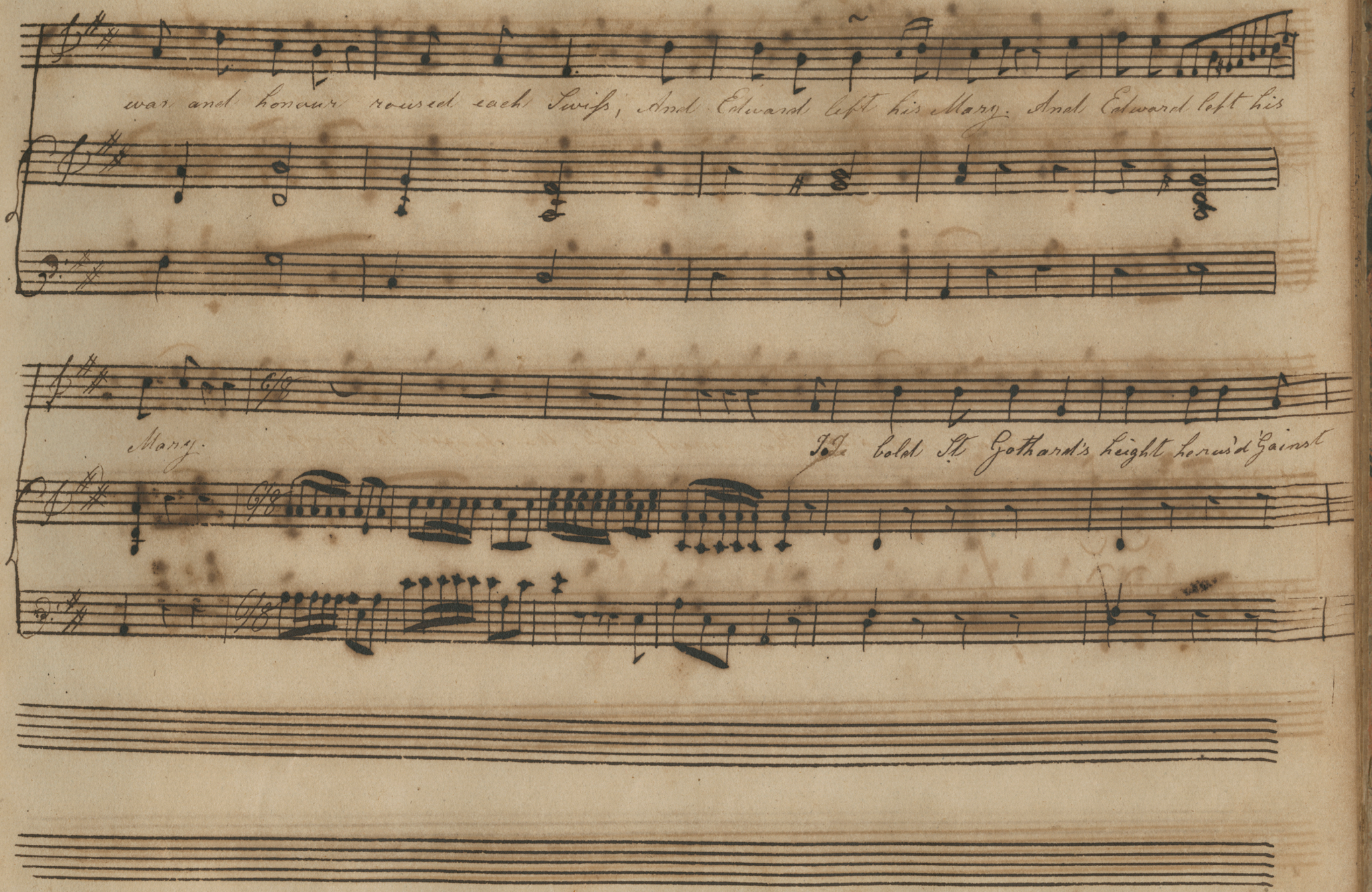

Bugle
Deep in a vale a cottage stood, Oft sought by travelers weary, And oft it proved the

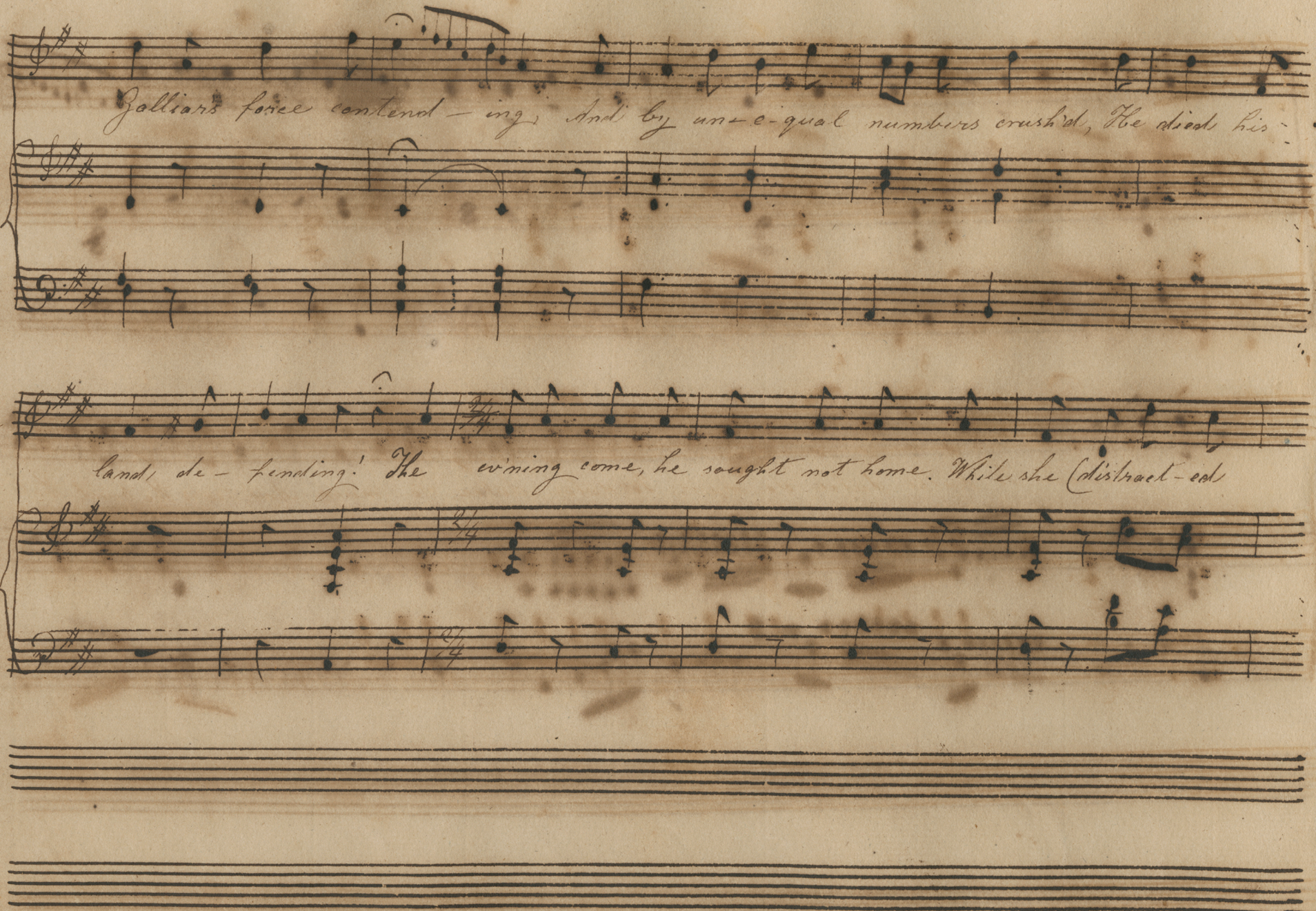

blest a-bode, of EDWARD and of MARY, Of EDWARD and of
MARY.
For her he'd chase the mountain Goat, Ox

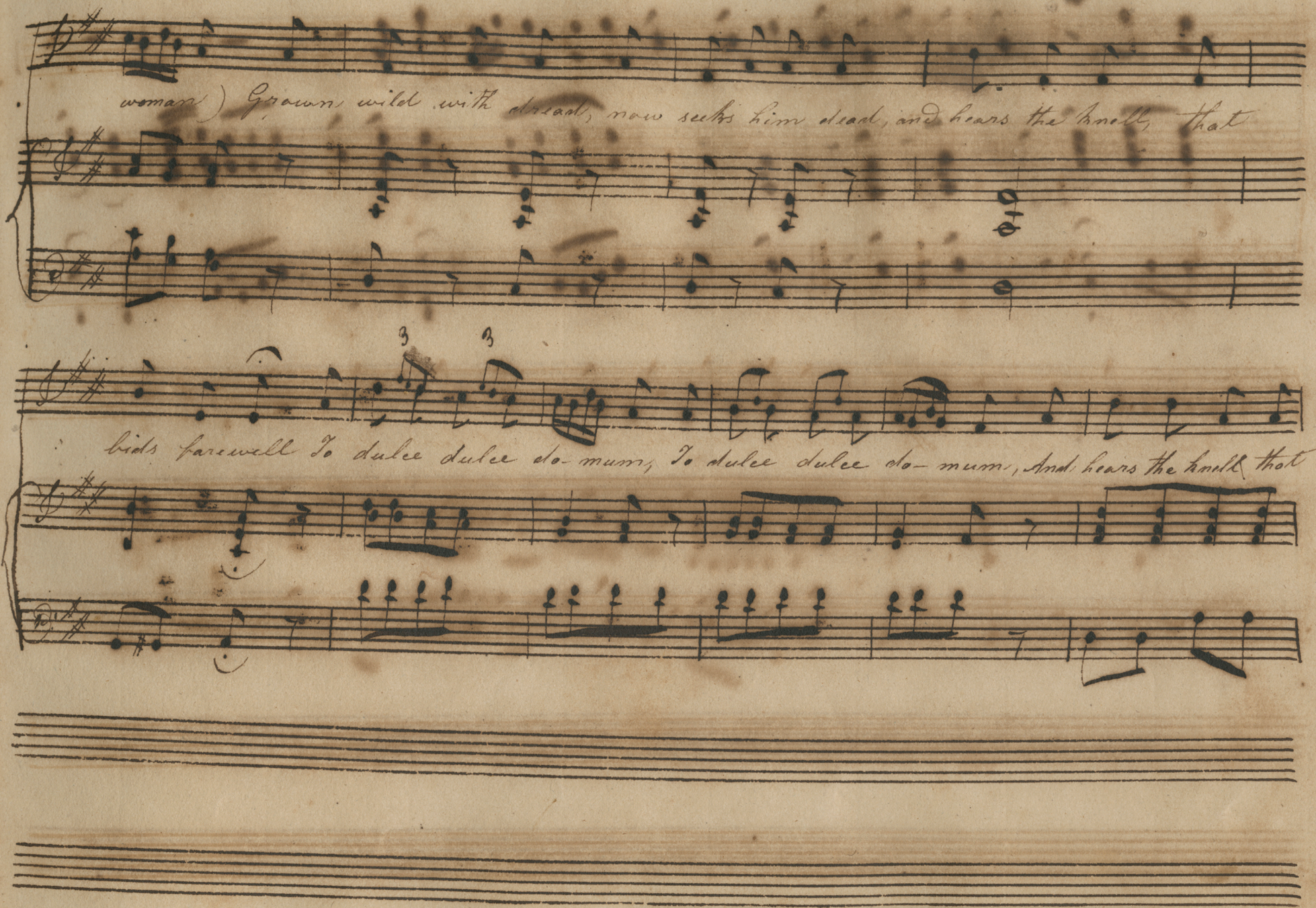

Alps and Glaciers bound --- ing; For her the Chamois he would shoot Dark horrors
Allegretto
all surrounding; But evining come, he sought his home, While anxious lovely

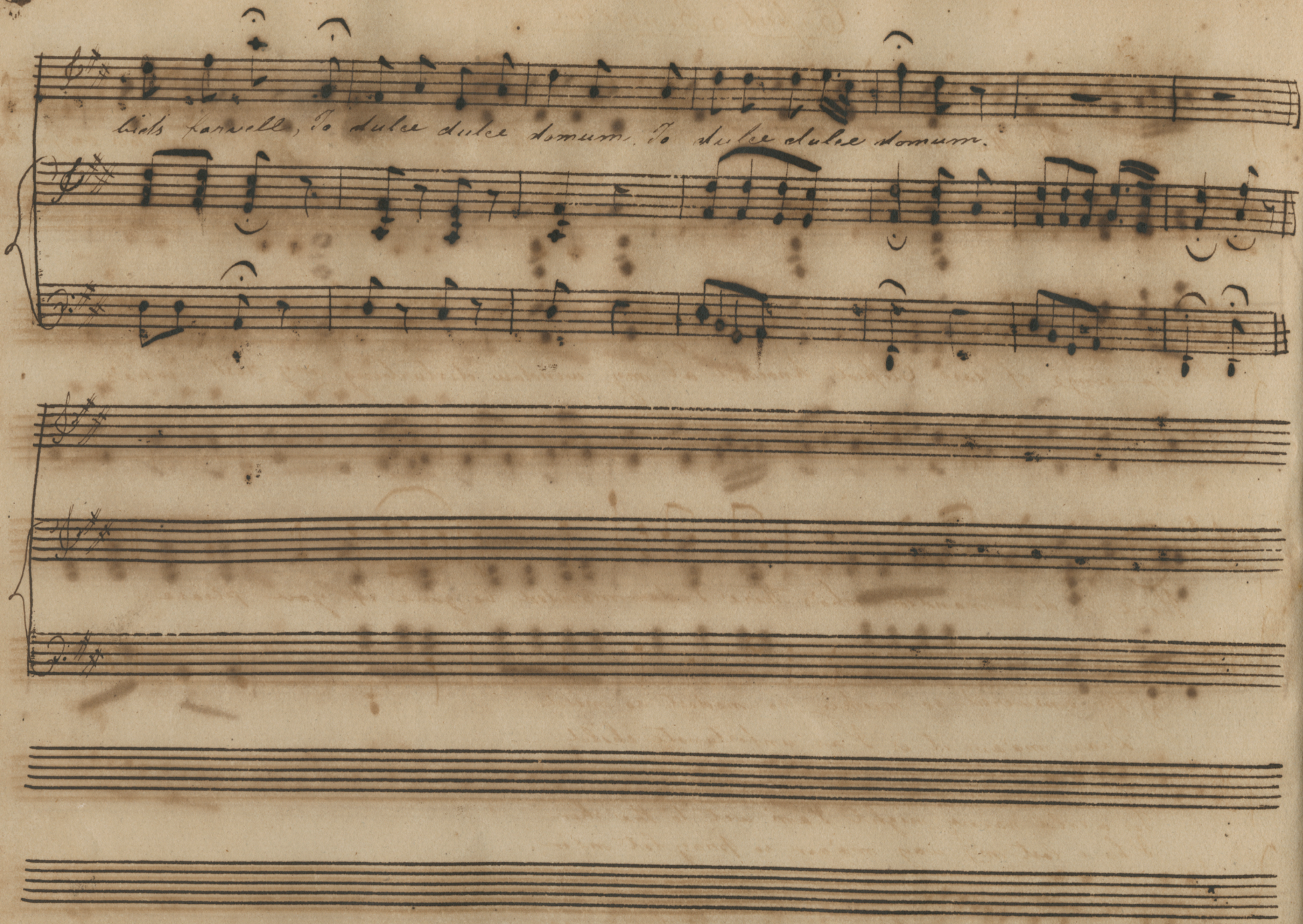

wo-man, She heard the sight, and every night, The cottage rung as they sung, The
cottage rung as they sung. Oh dulce dulce do-mum! Oh dulce dulce do-mum! The


cottage rung as they sung. Oh dulce dulce domum! Oh dulce dulce domum
But soon alas! this scene of bliss, was changed to prospects dreary For

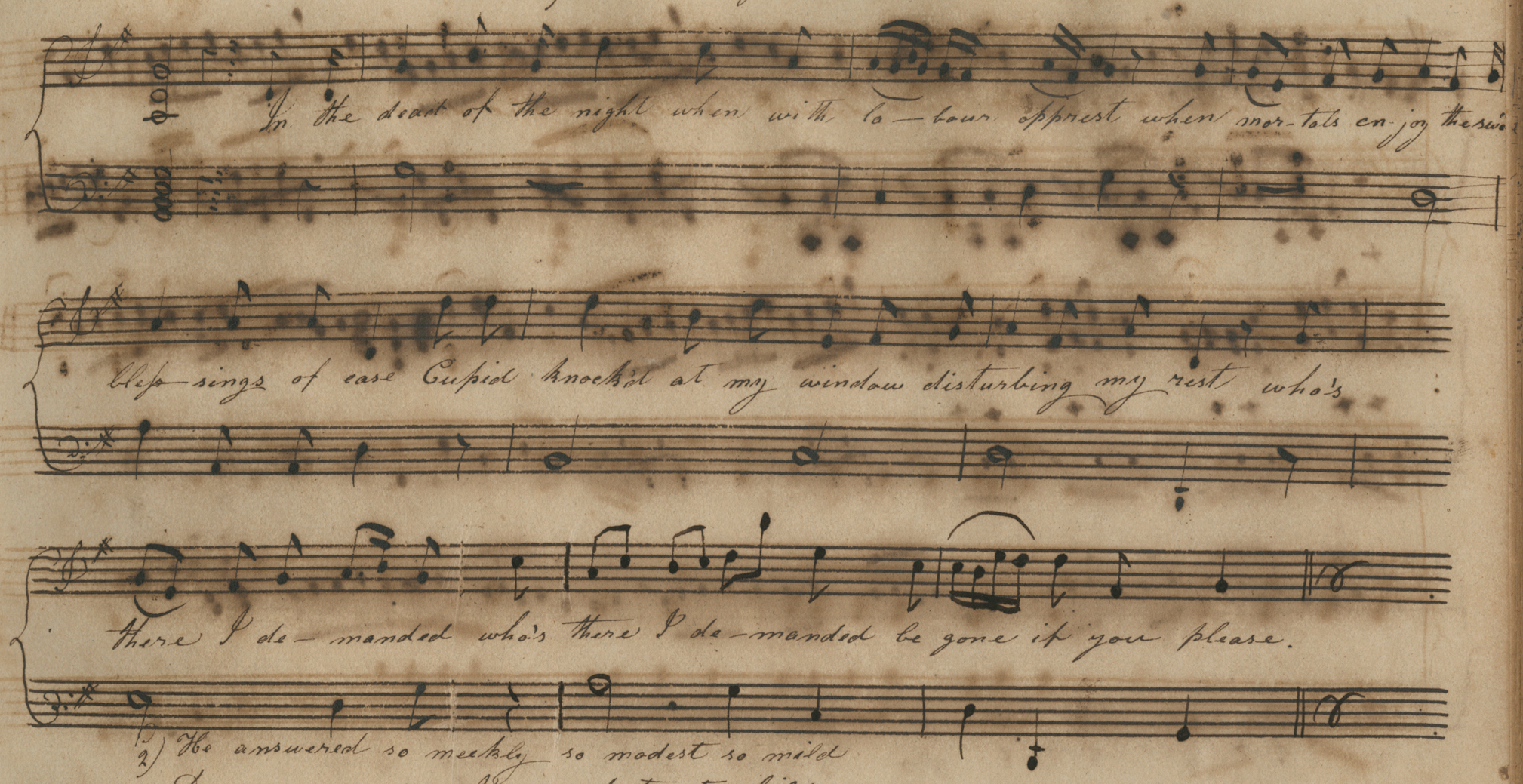

war and honour roused each Swiss, And Edward left his Mary. And Edward left his
Mary.
To bold St. Gothard's height horse'd Gainst


Gallia's force contend – ing, And by un – e – qual numbers crush'd, He dies! his –
land, de – fending! The evining come, he sought not home. While she (distract – ed


woman) Groaun wild with dread, now seeks him dead, and hears the knell, that
bids farewell To dulce dulce do- mum, To dulce dulce do- mum, And hears the knell that

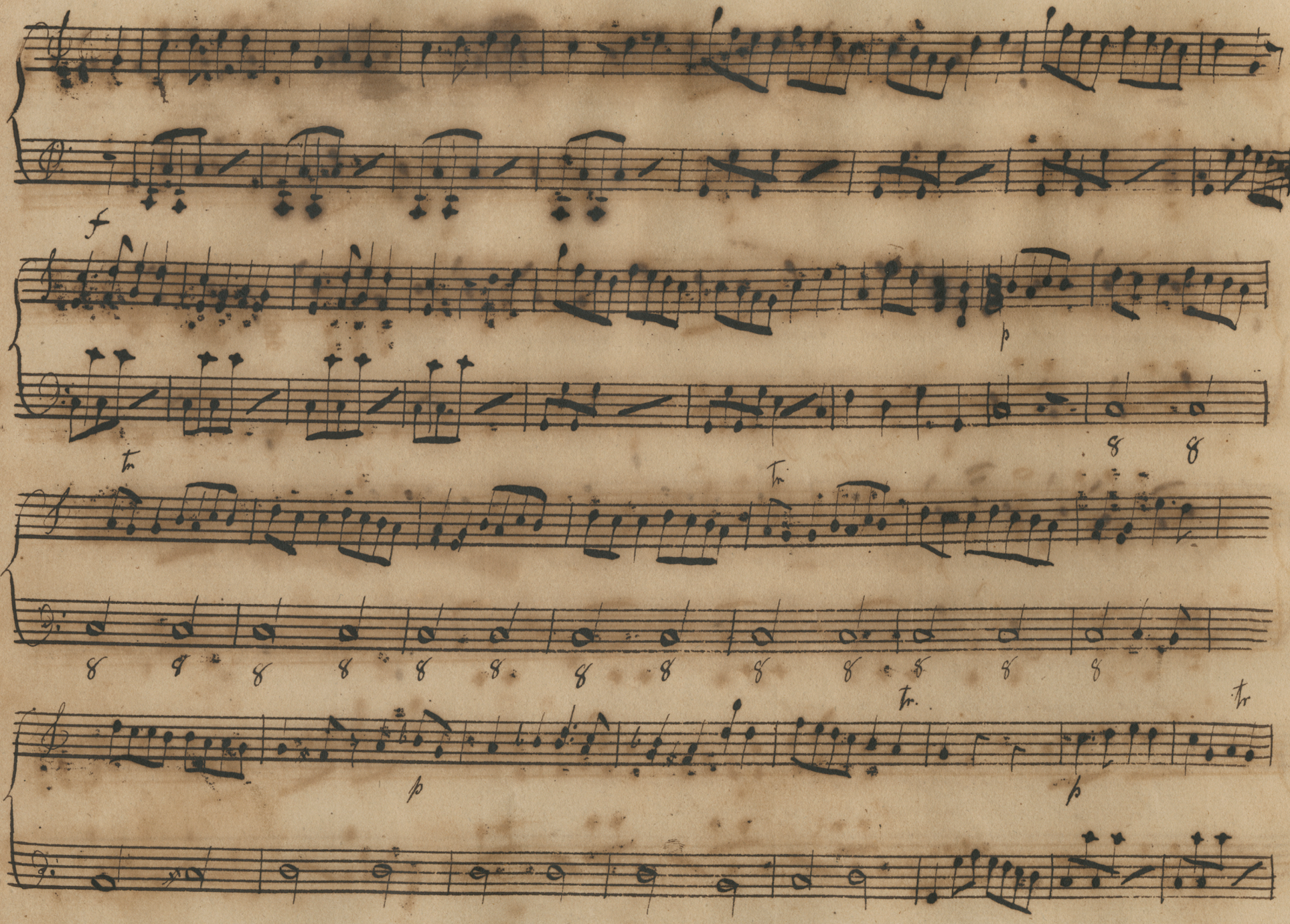

Lieb Farwell, Jo dulce dulce domum. Jo dulce dulce domum.

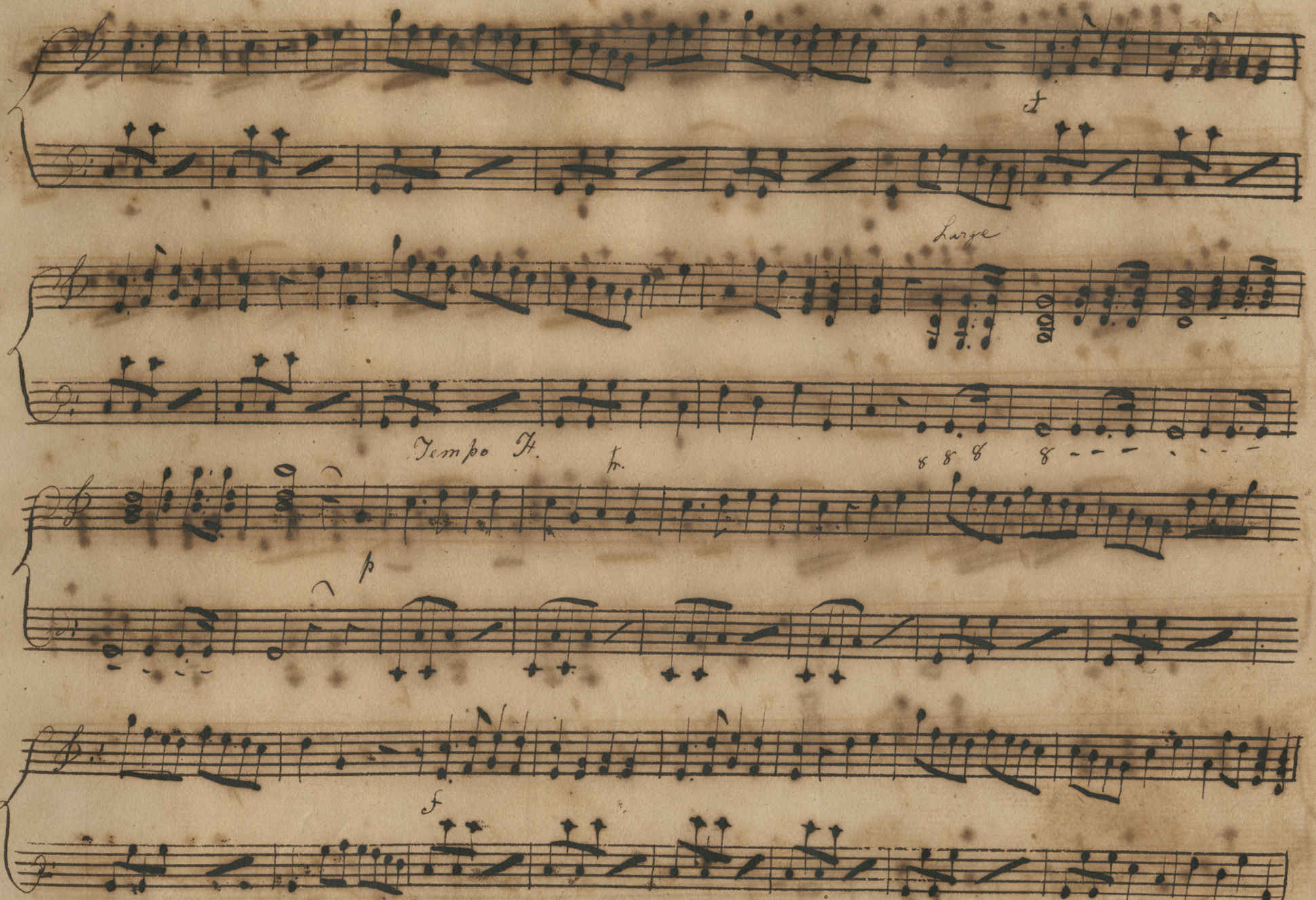
Cupid Benighted

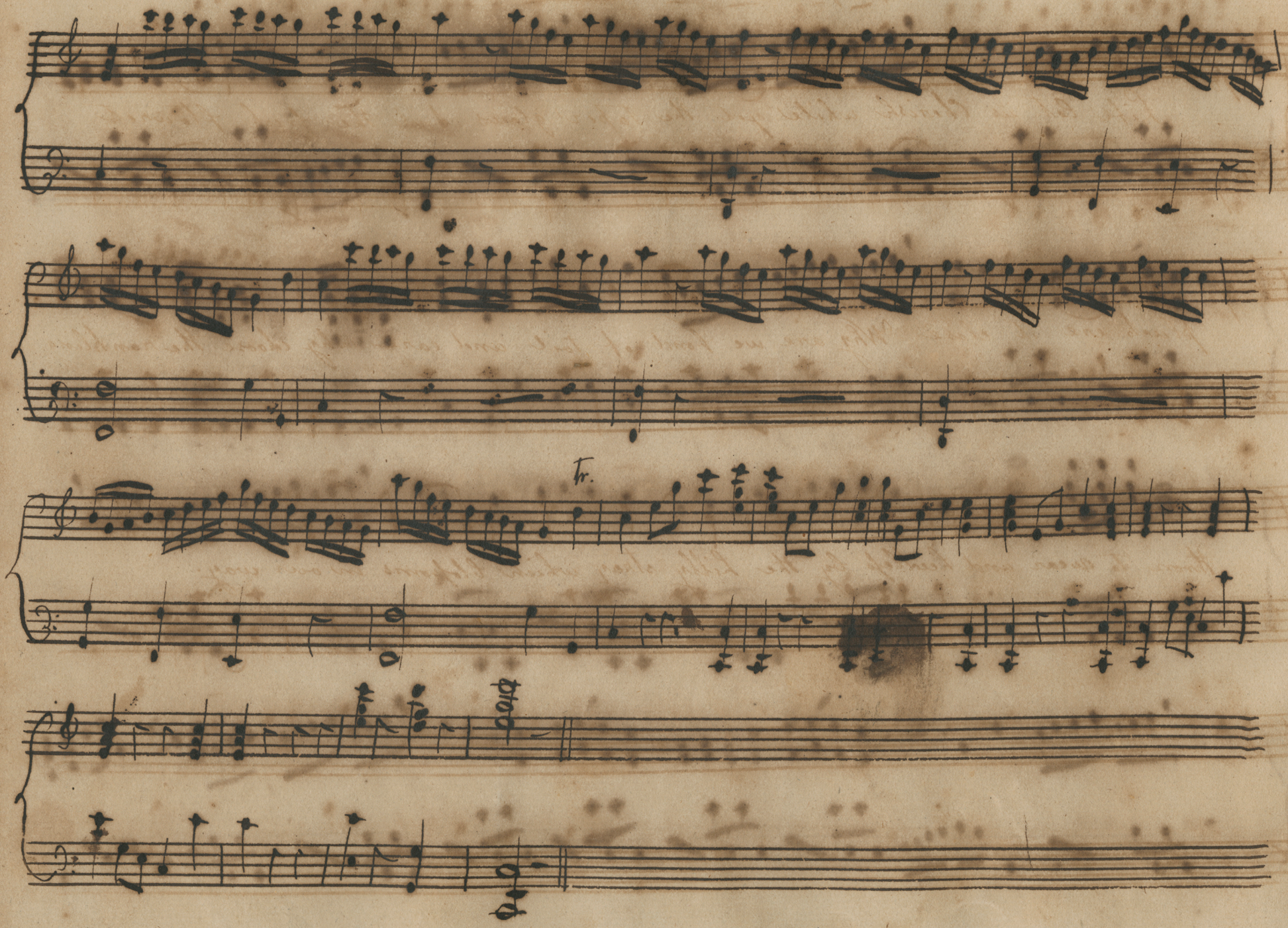


3 4 5

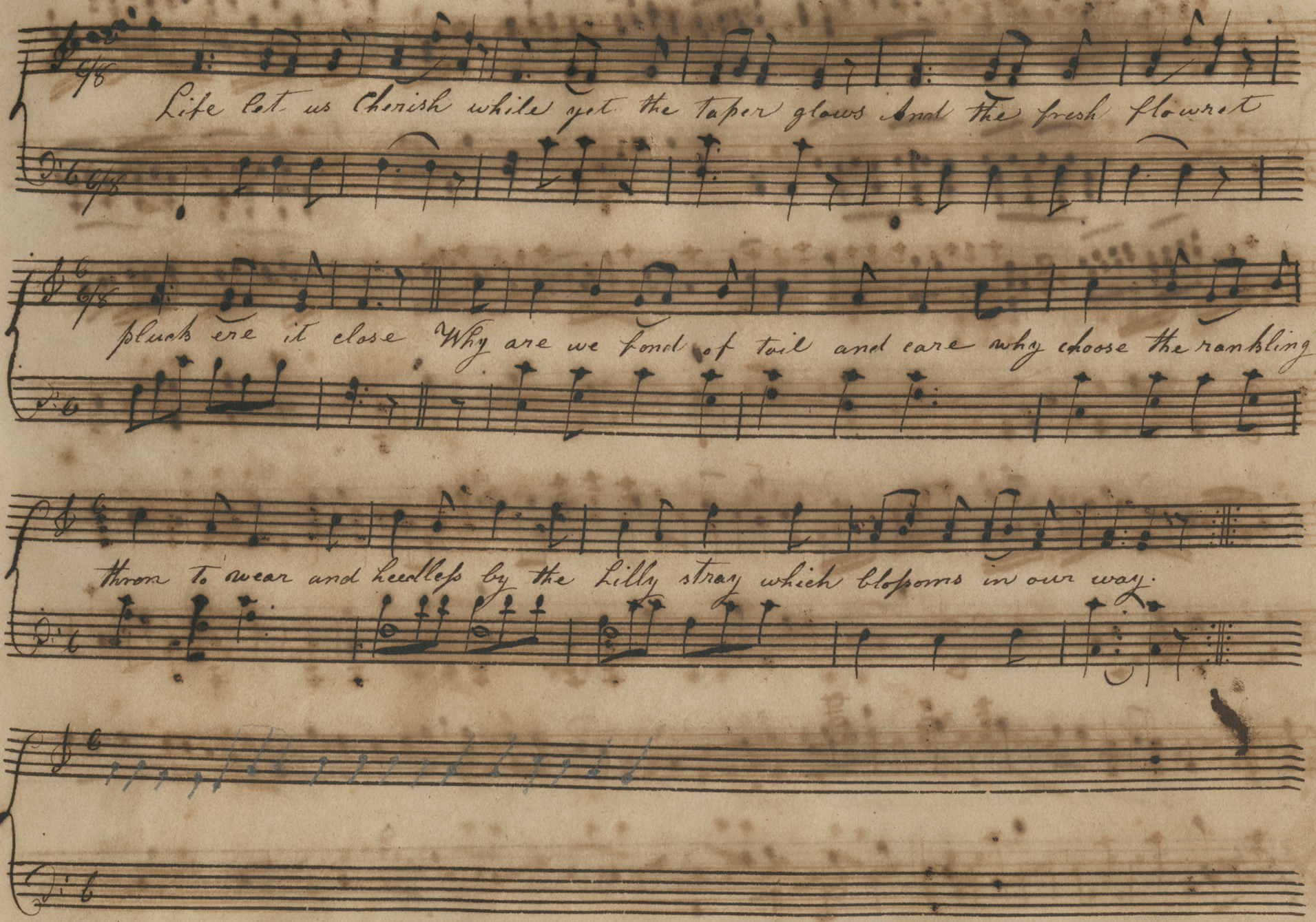
Overture to the Deserter



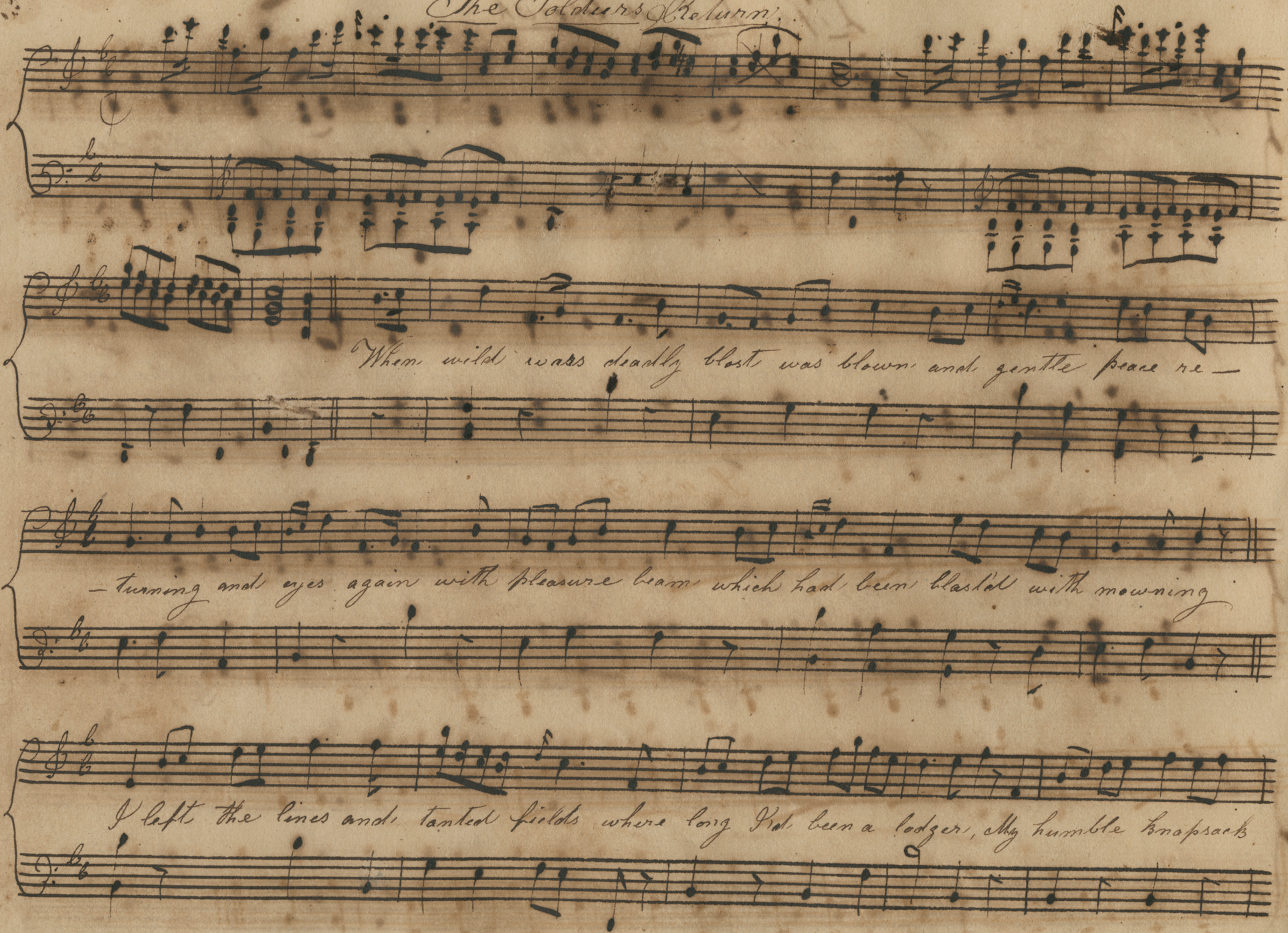

Largo
Tempo I.
p
f


tr.

Life Let us Cherish



The Soldiers Return.

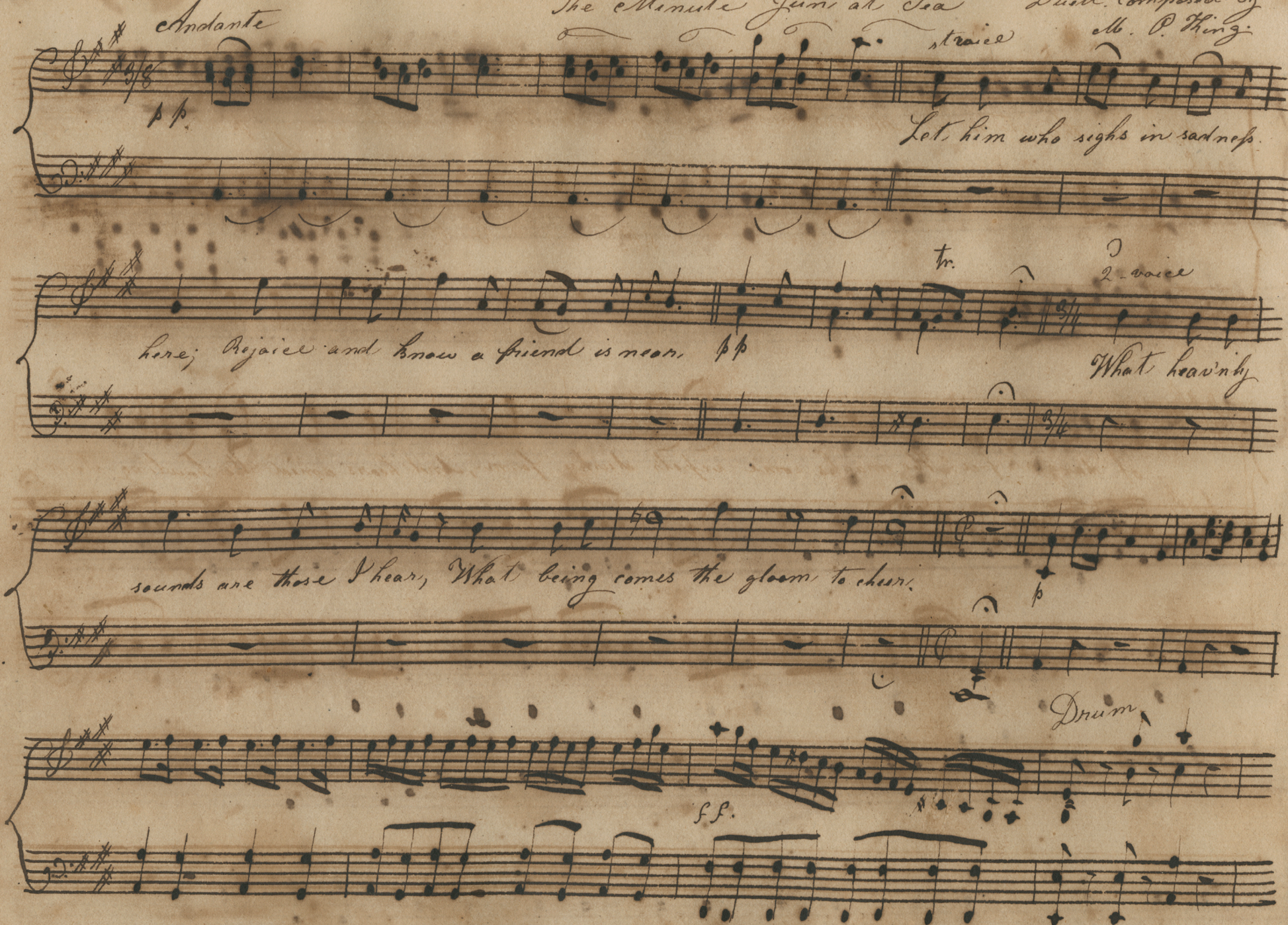


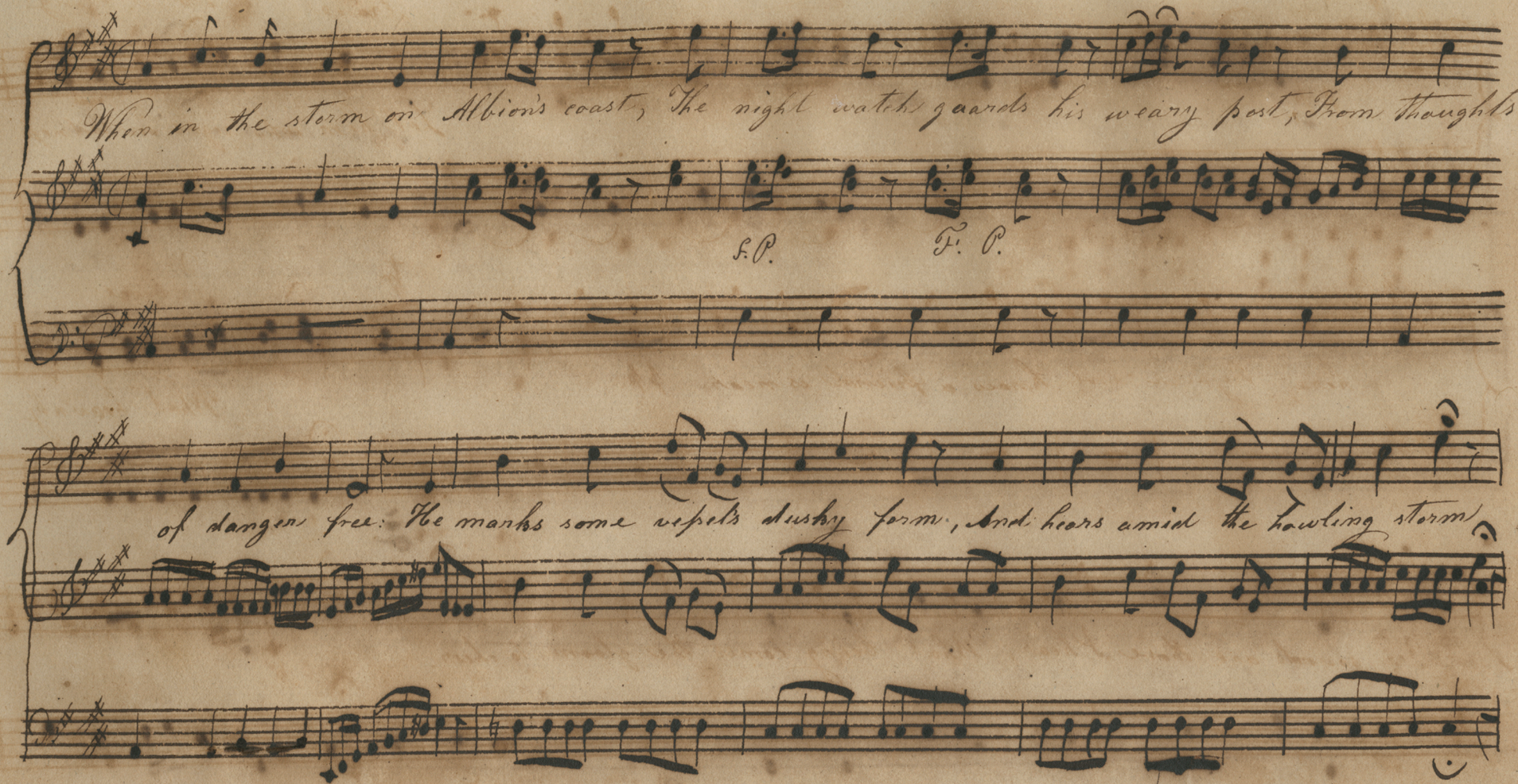
All my wealth A poor but honest Soldier

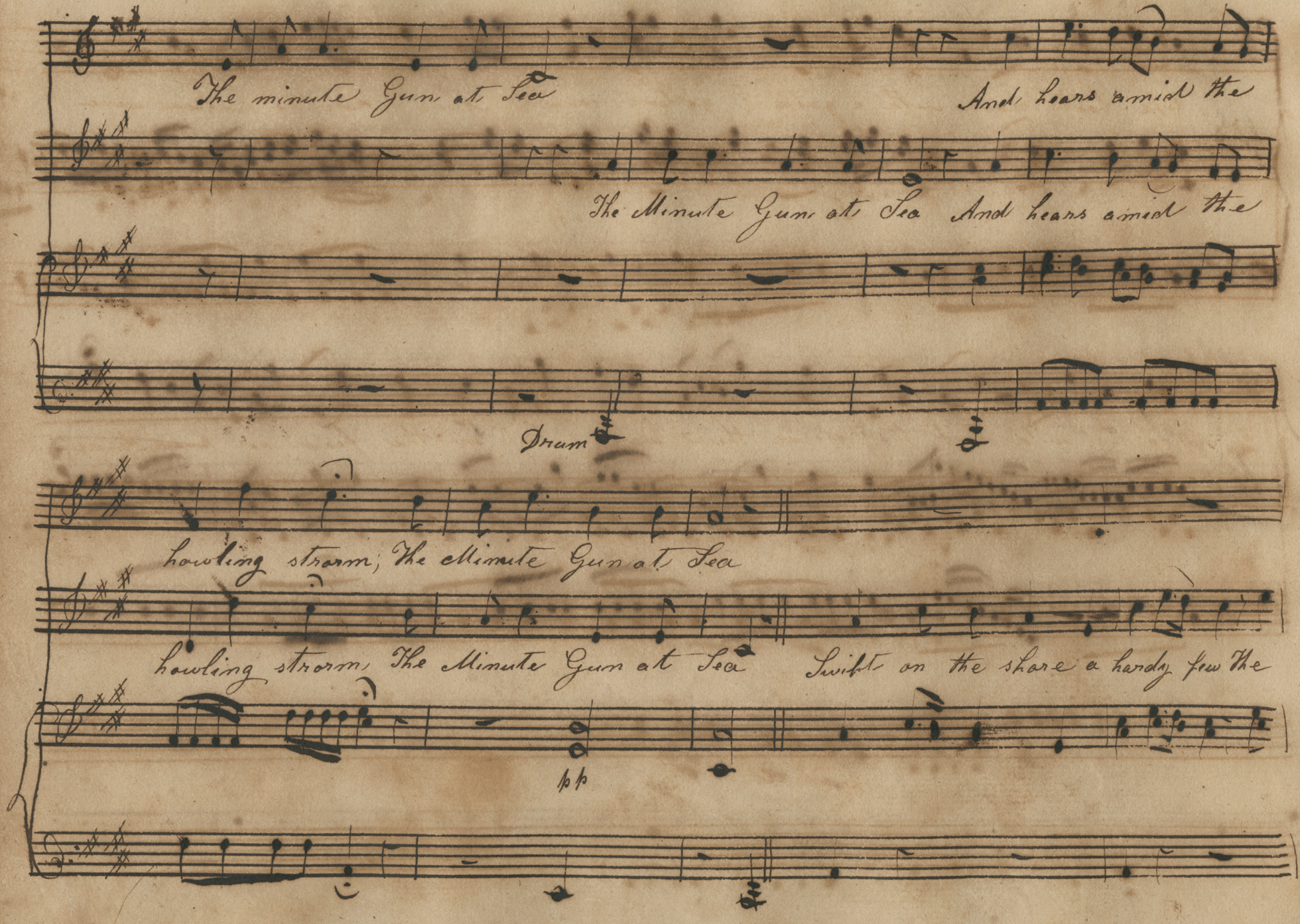
Scottish Dance

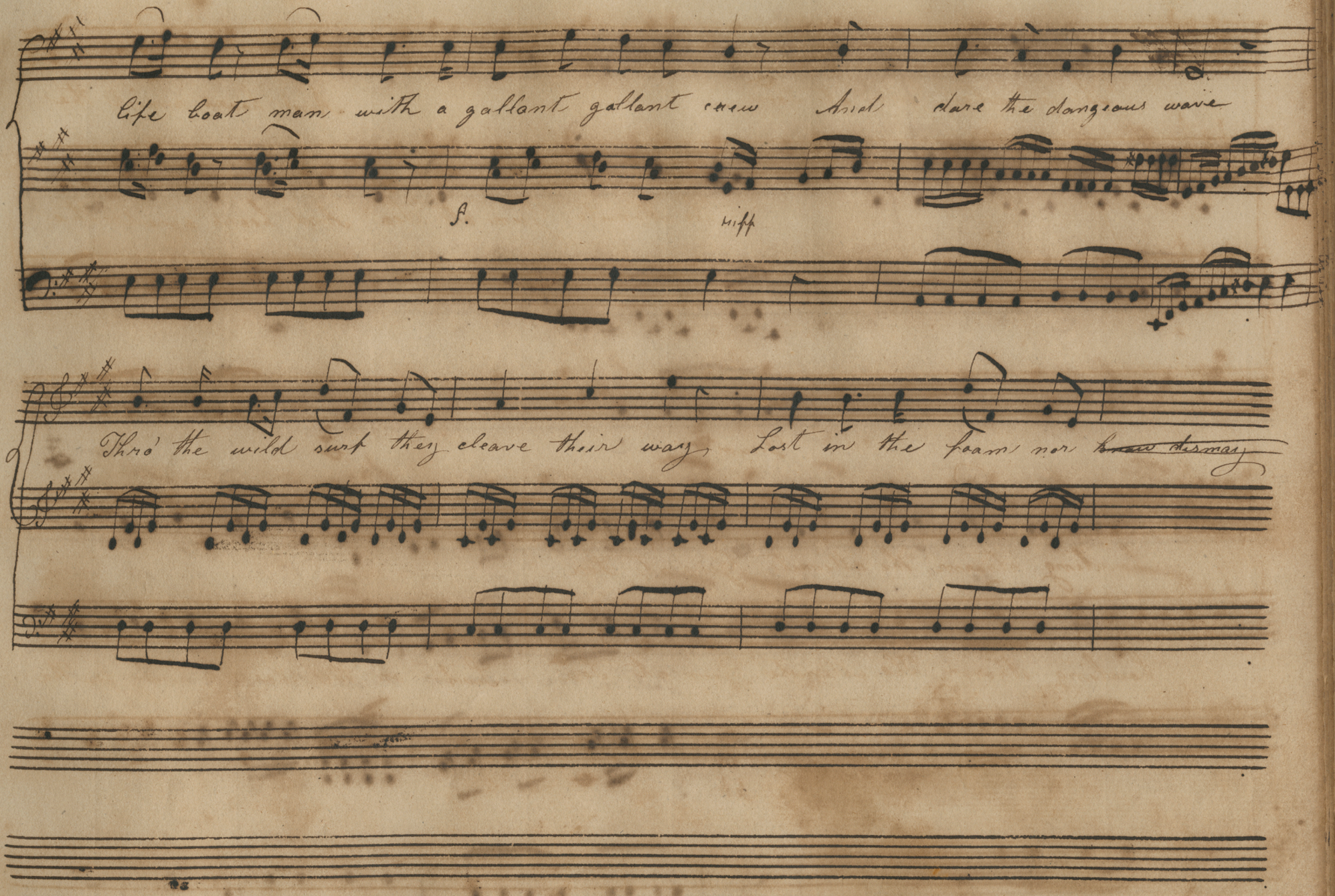
The Minute Gun at Sea

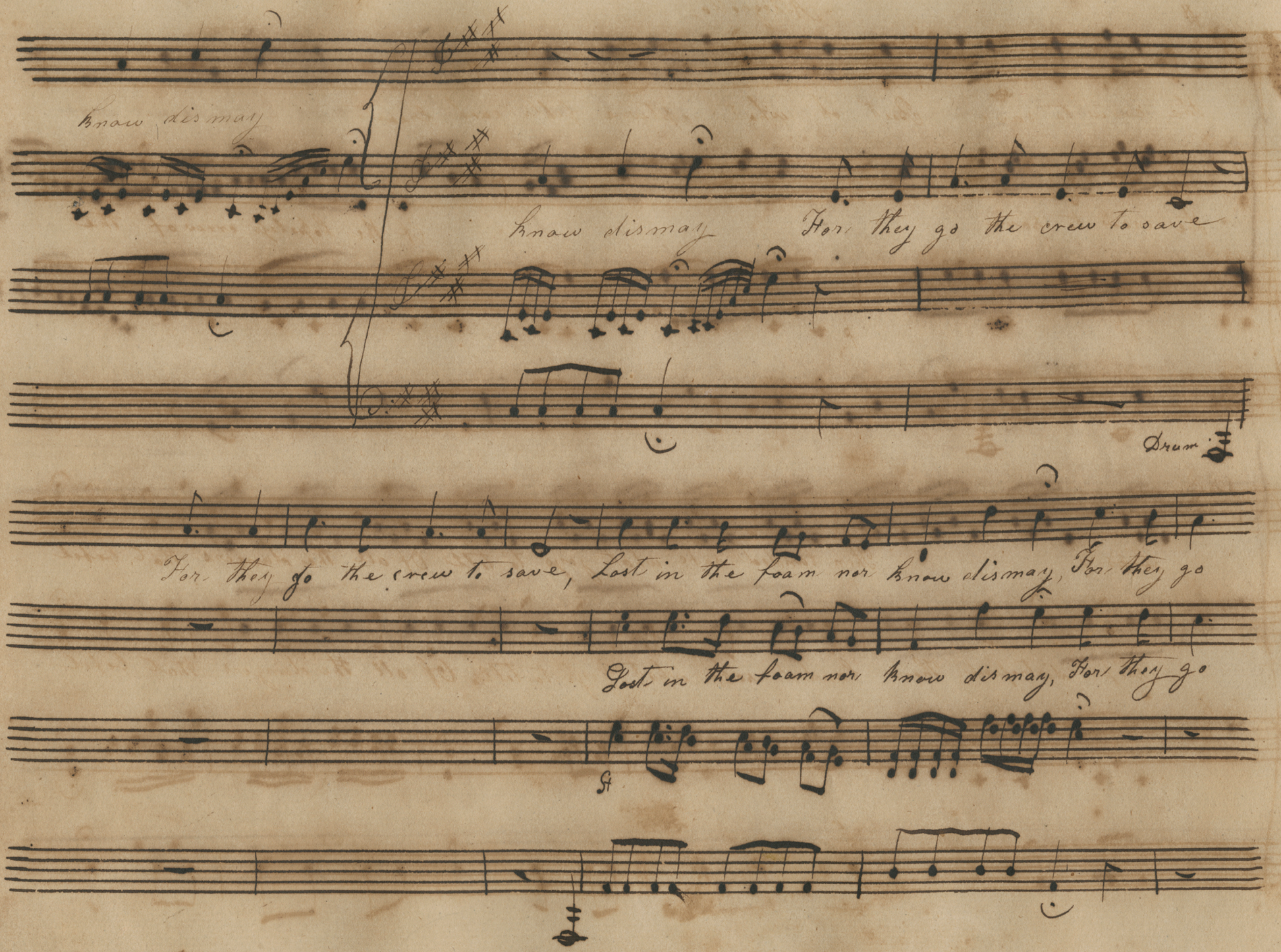
Duett. Composed by Mr. P. King.

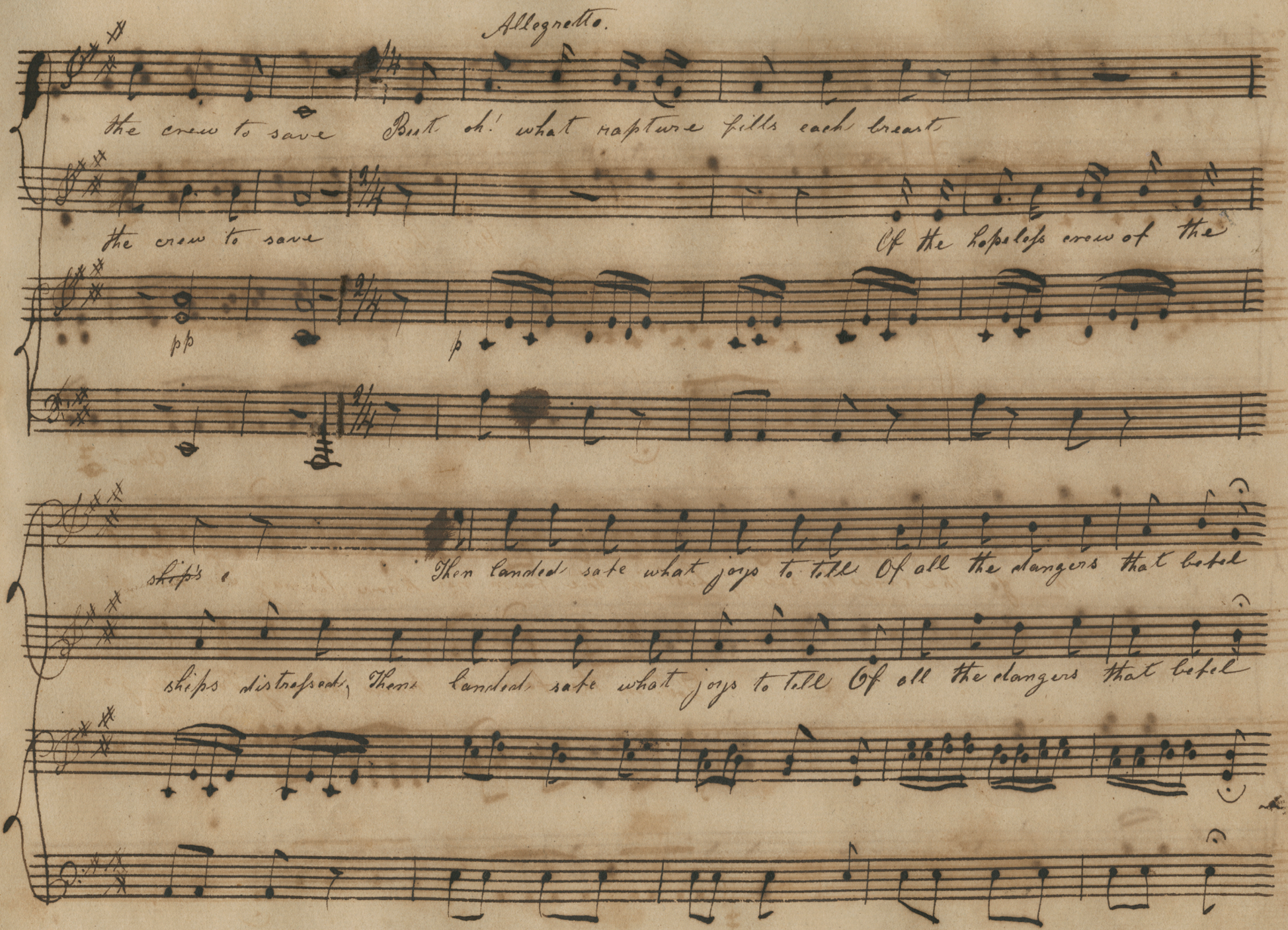


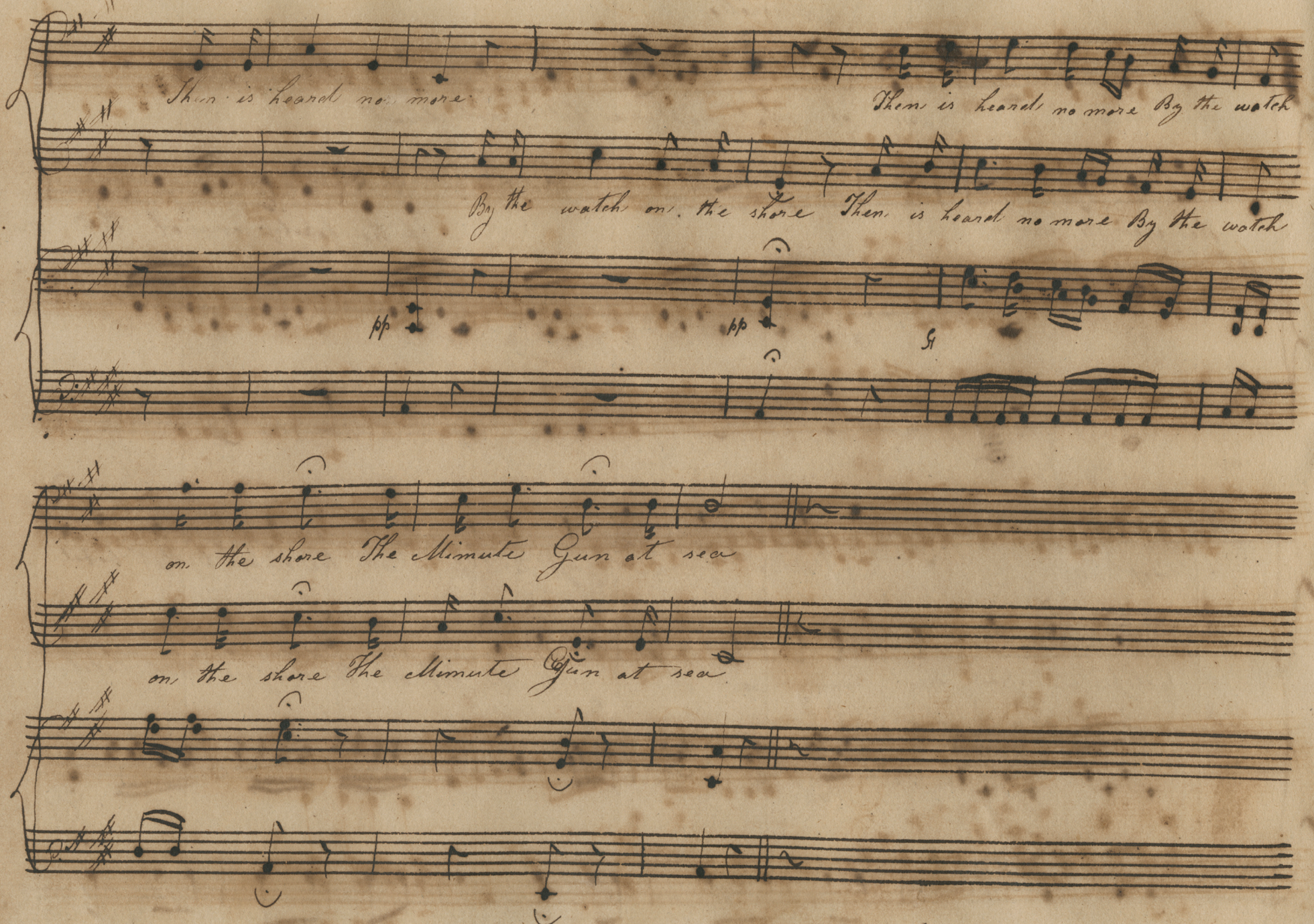

When in the storm on Albion's coast, The night watch gaards his weary post, From thoughts
S. P.
F. P.
of danger free: He marks some vessels dusky form, And hears amid the howling storm


The minute Gun at Sea
And hears amid the
The Minute Gun at Sea And hears amid the
Drum
howling storm, The Minute Gun at Sea
howling storm, The Minute Gun at Sea Swift on the shore a hardy few the
pp

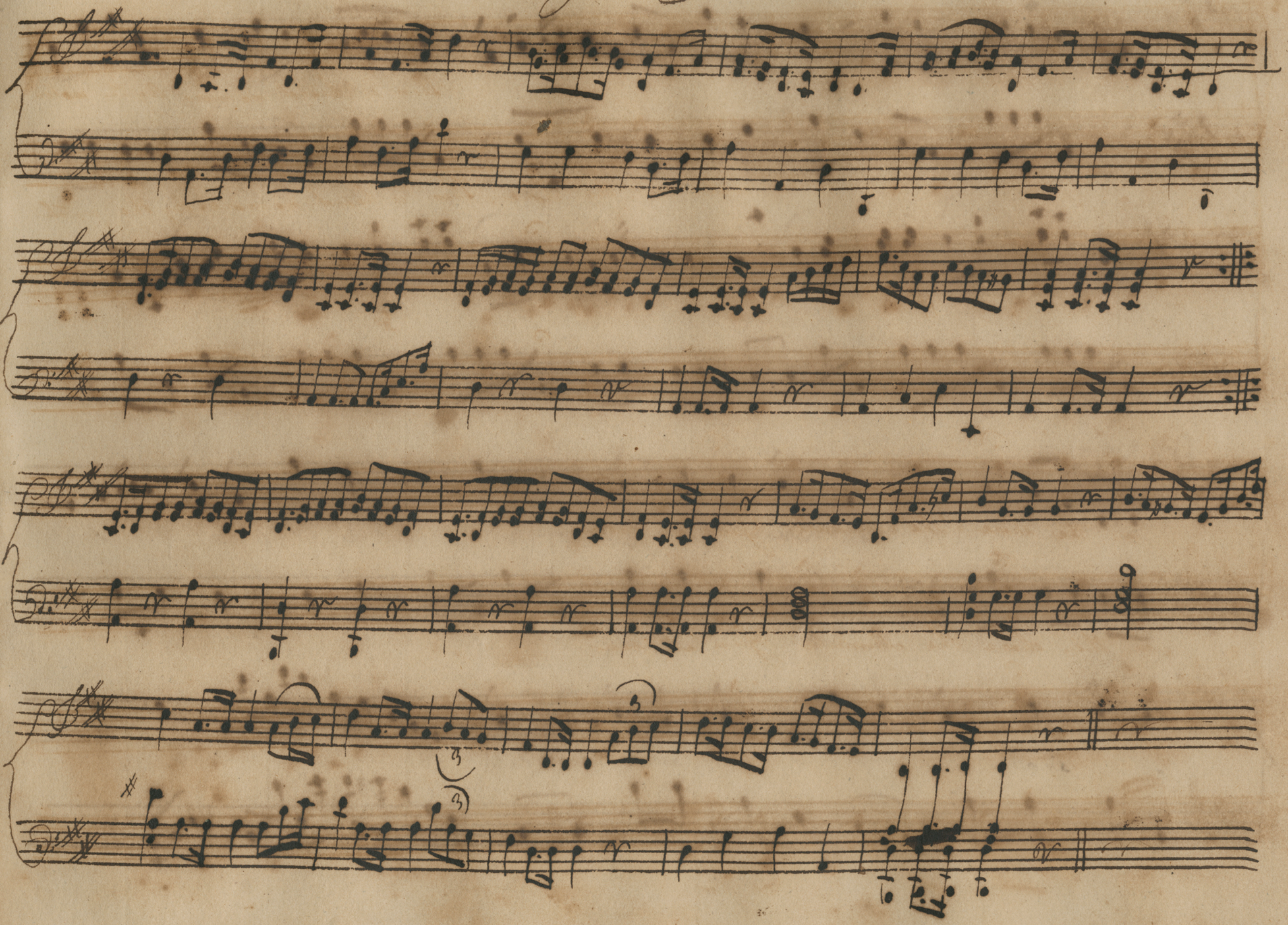

Life boat man with a gallant gallant crew And dare the dangerous wave
f.
Thro' the wild surf they cleave their way Lost in the foam nor ~~know~~ dismay


know dismay
know dismay
For they go the crew to save
Drum
For they go the crew to save, Lost in the foam nor know dismay, For they go
Lost in the foam nor know dismay, For they go


Allegretto.
the crew to save But oh! what rapture fills each breast
the crew to save
Of the hopeless crew of the
pp
p
ship's c
Then landed safe what joys to tell Of all the dangers that befel
ships distressed, Then landed safe what joys to tell Of all the dangers that befel


Then is heard no more
Then is heard no more By the watch
By the watch on the shore Then is heard no more By the watch
pp
pp
G
on the shore The Minute Gun at sea
on the shore The Minute Gun at sea

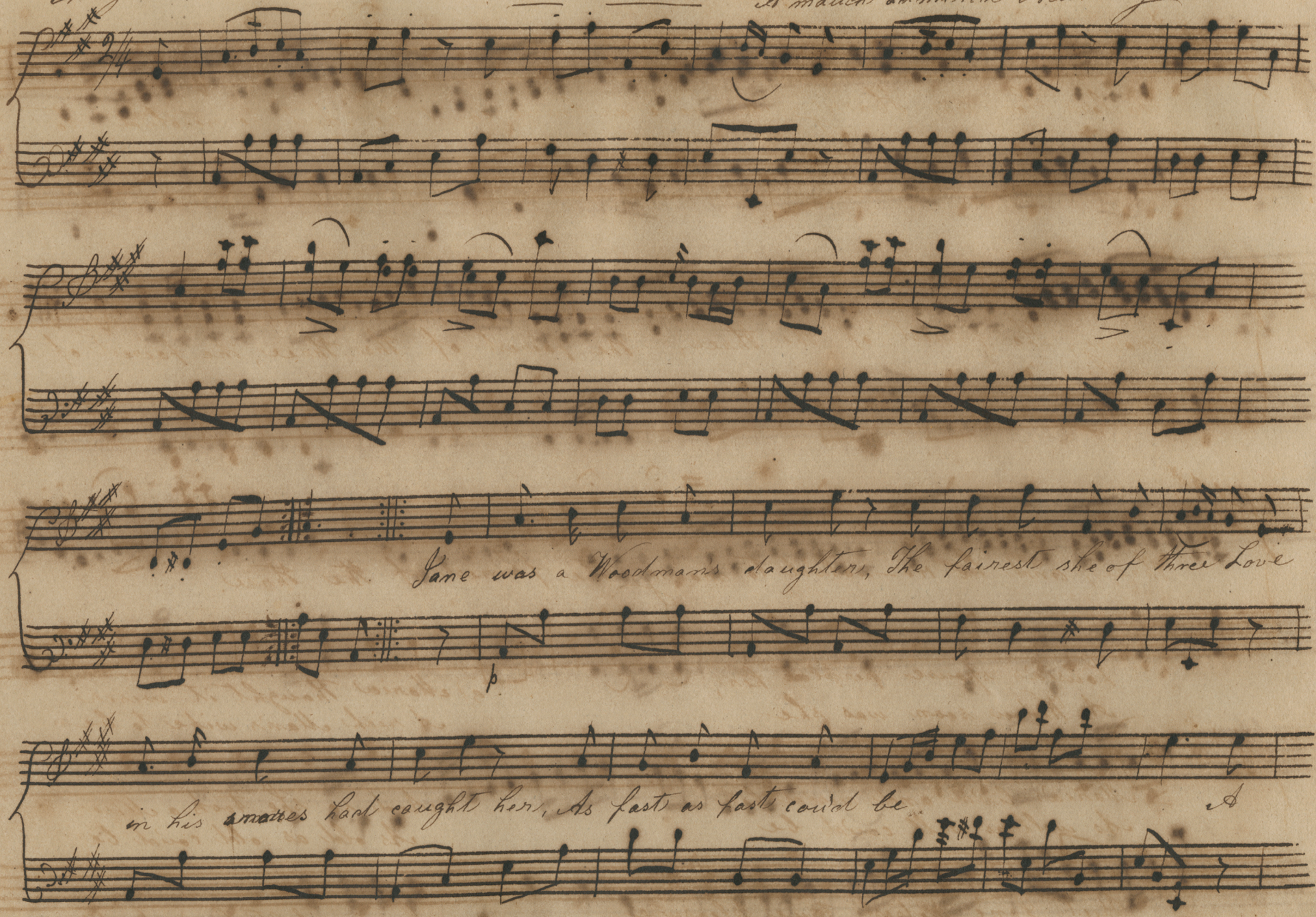
Washington's Grand March.

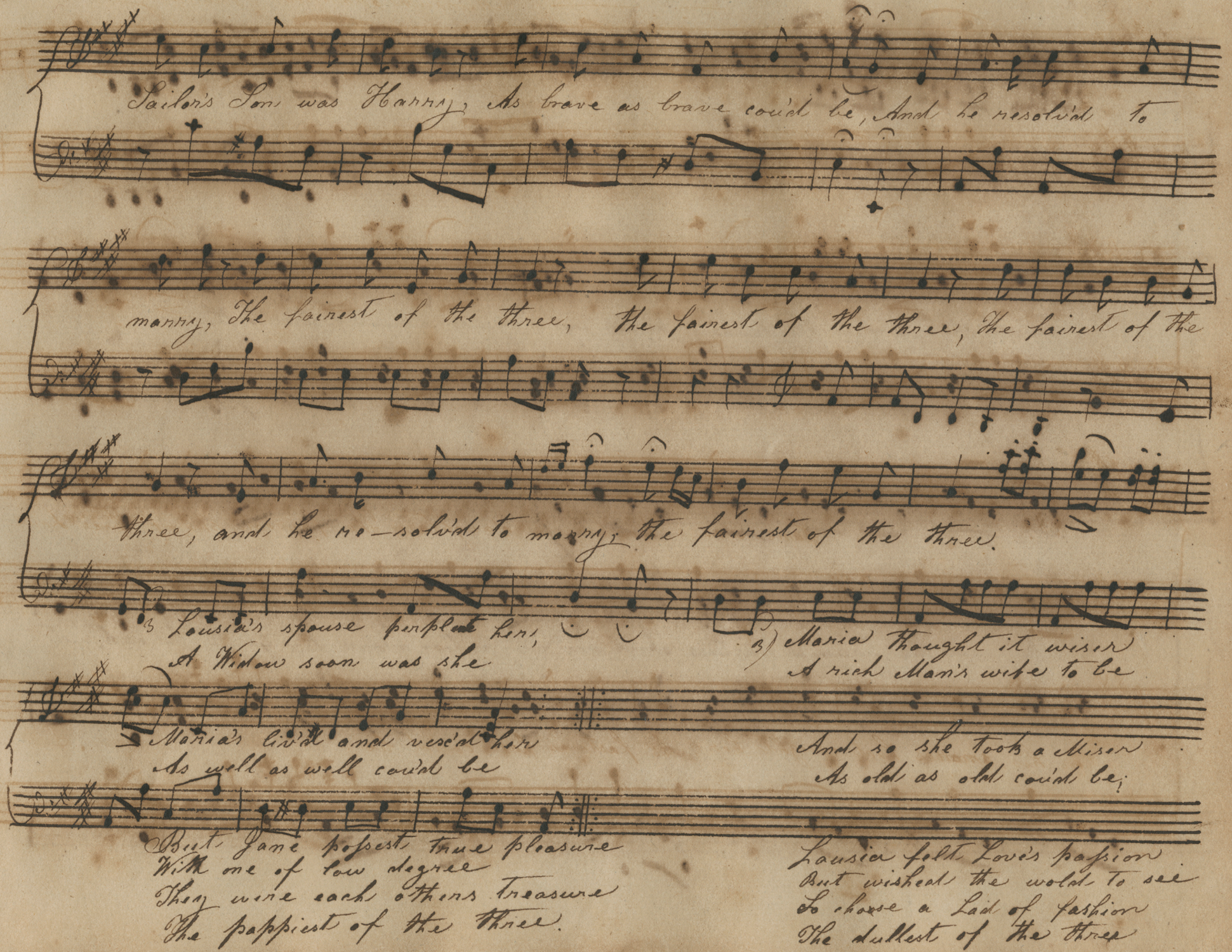


The Sisters.

Allegretto.

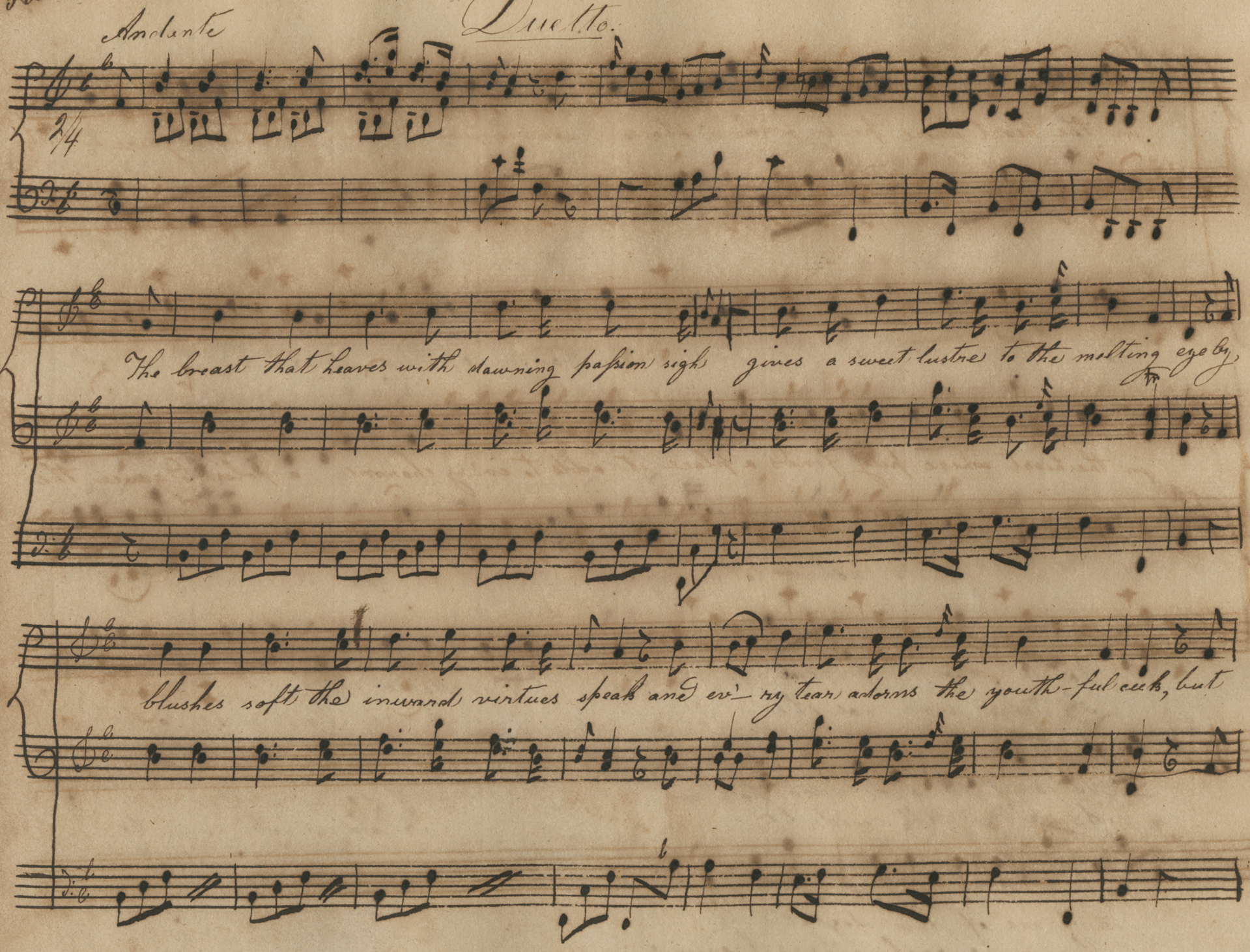
A much admired New song

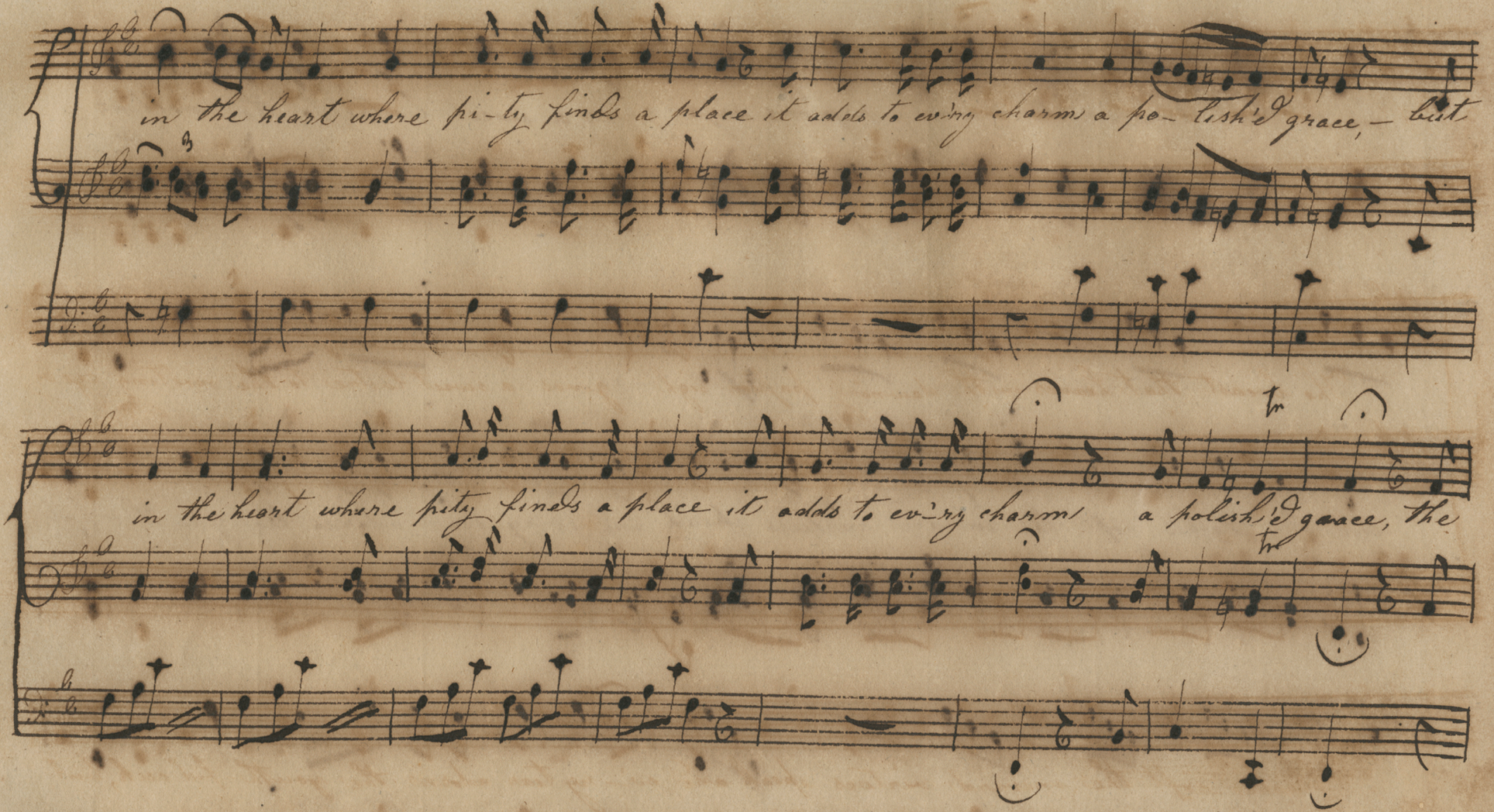


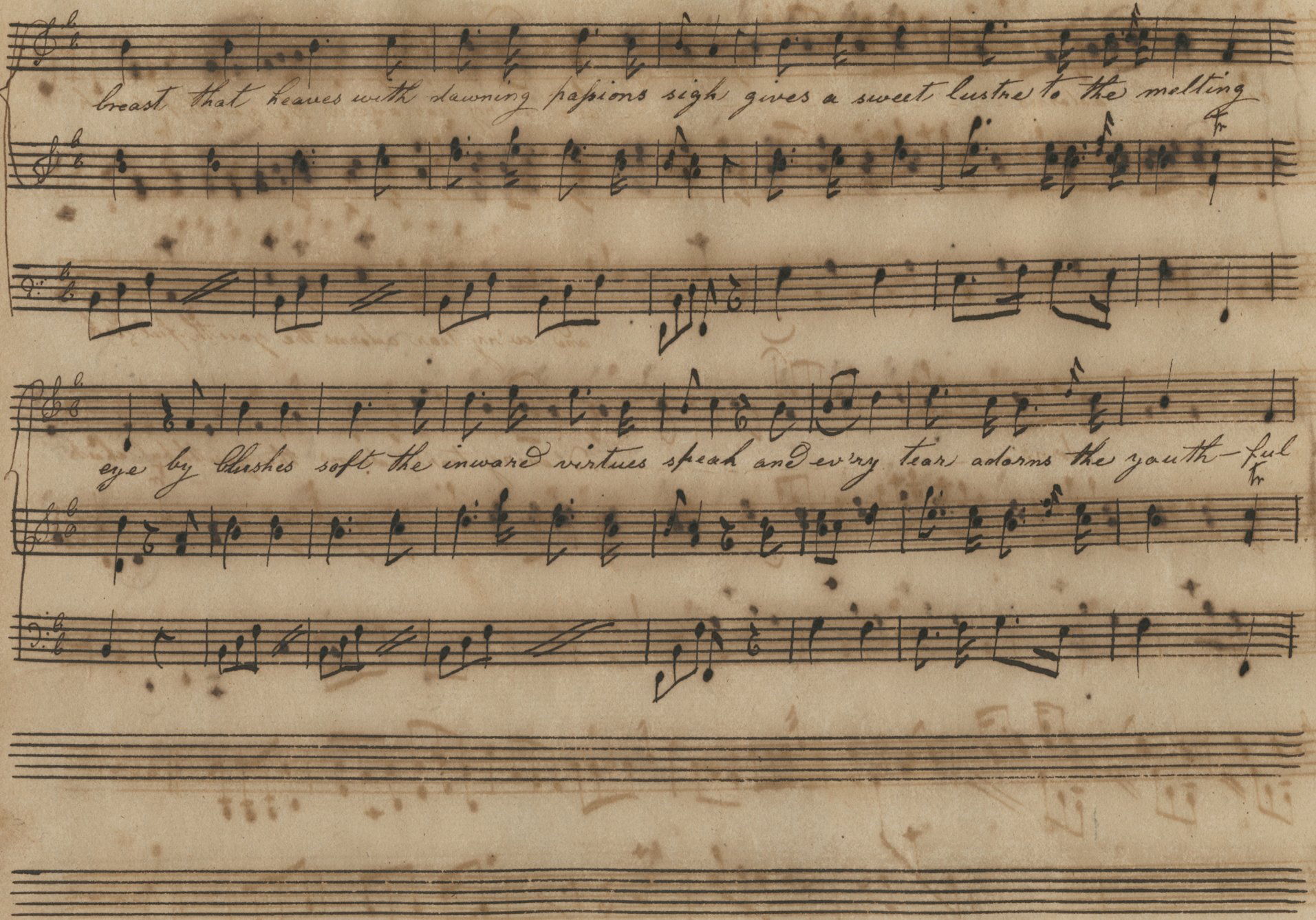

Sailor's Son was Harry, As brave as brave could be, And he resolv'd to
marry, The fairest of the three, The fairest of the three, The fairest of the
three, and he re—solv'd to marry, the fairest of the three.
Louisa's spouse perplext her,
A Widow soon was she
Maria thought it wiser
A rich Man's wife to be
Maria's liv'd and rev'd her
As well as well could be
And so she took a Miser
As old as old could be;
But Jane poss'st true pleasure
With one of low degree
They were each others treasure
The happiest of the three.
Louisa felt Love's passion
But wished the world to see
So chose a Lad of fashion
The dullest of the three

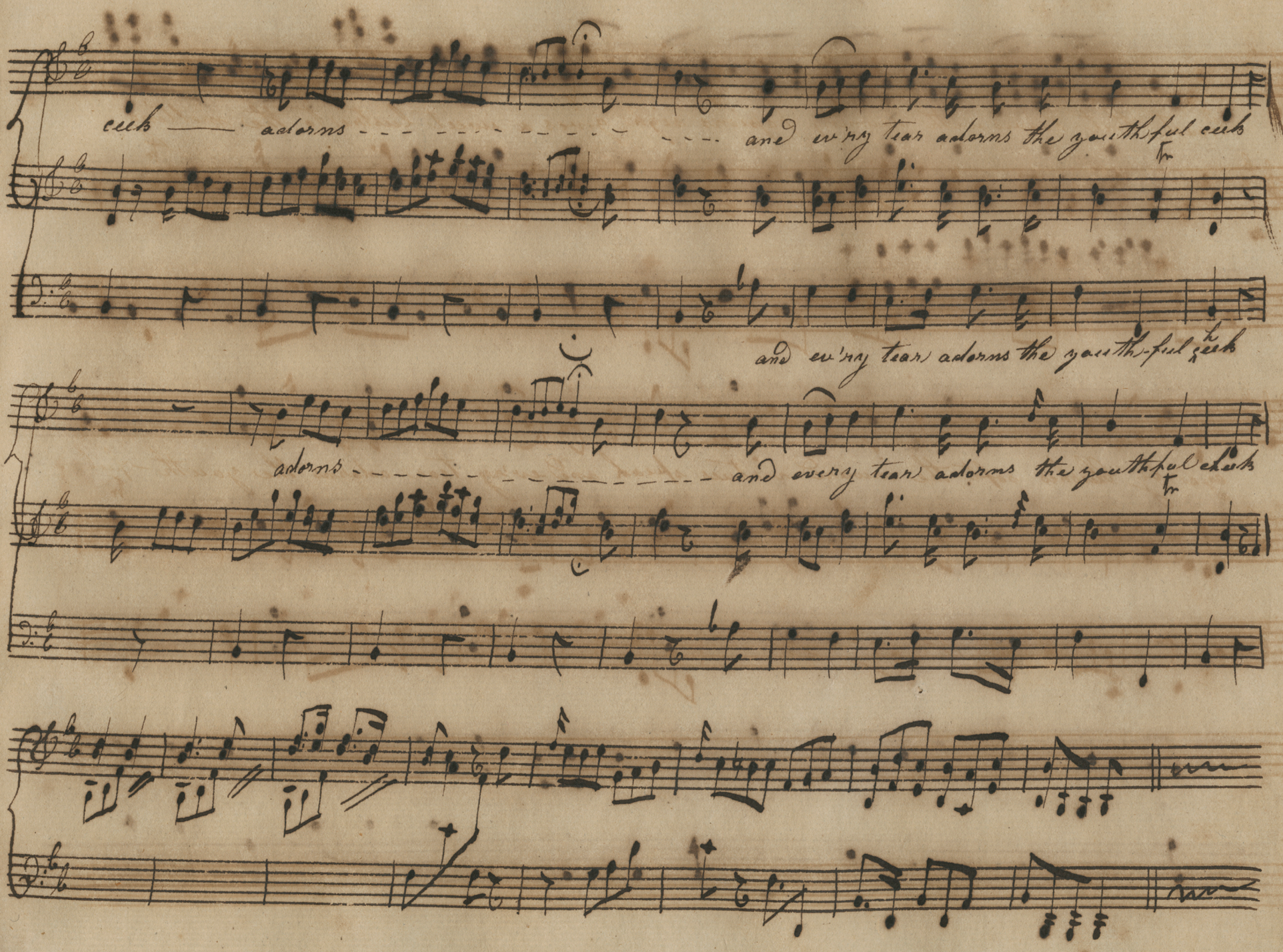
Duetto.

Andante

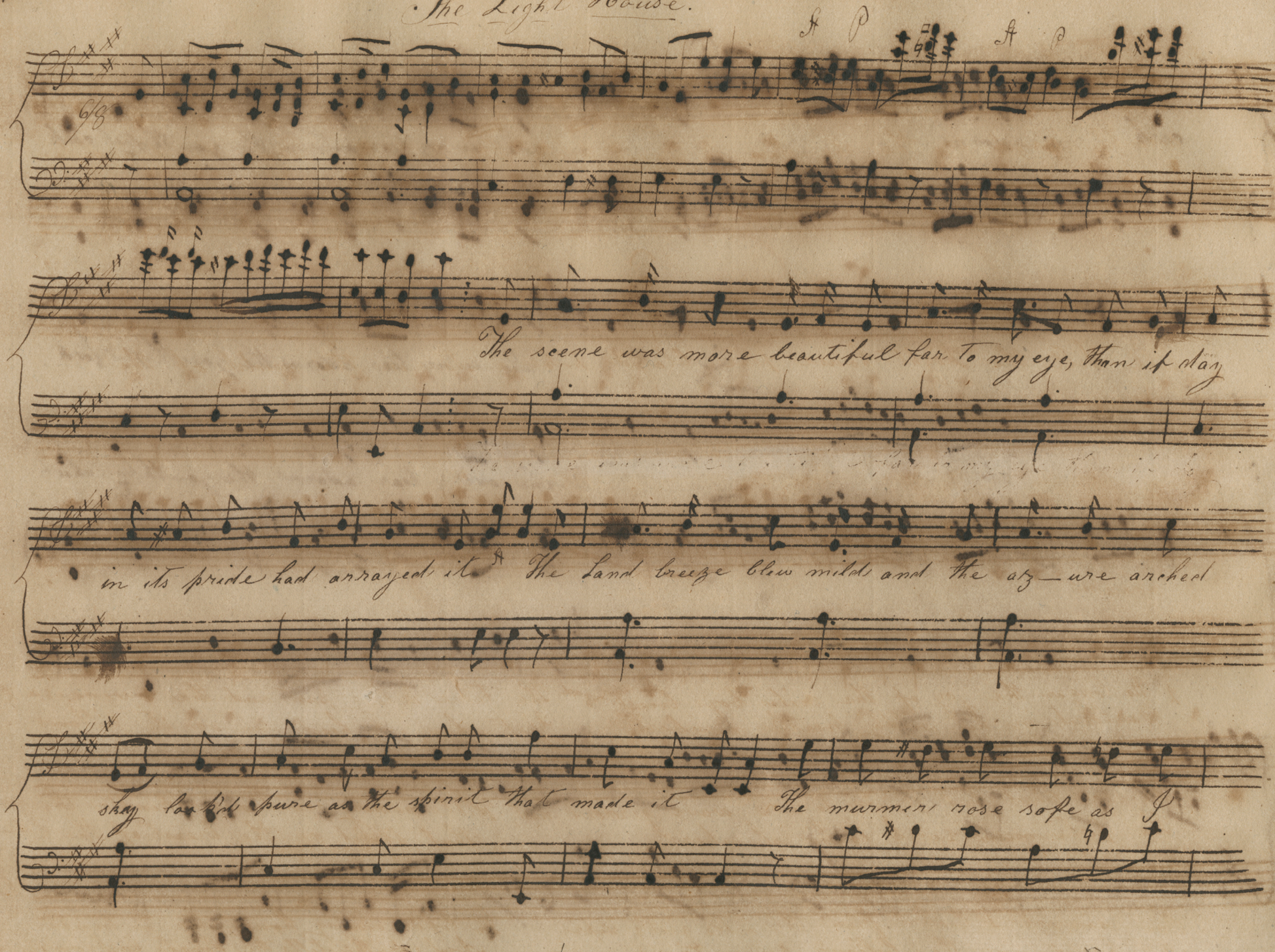


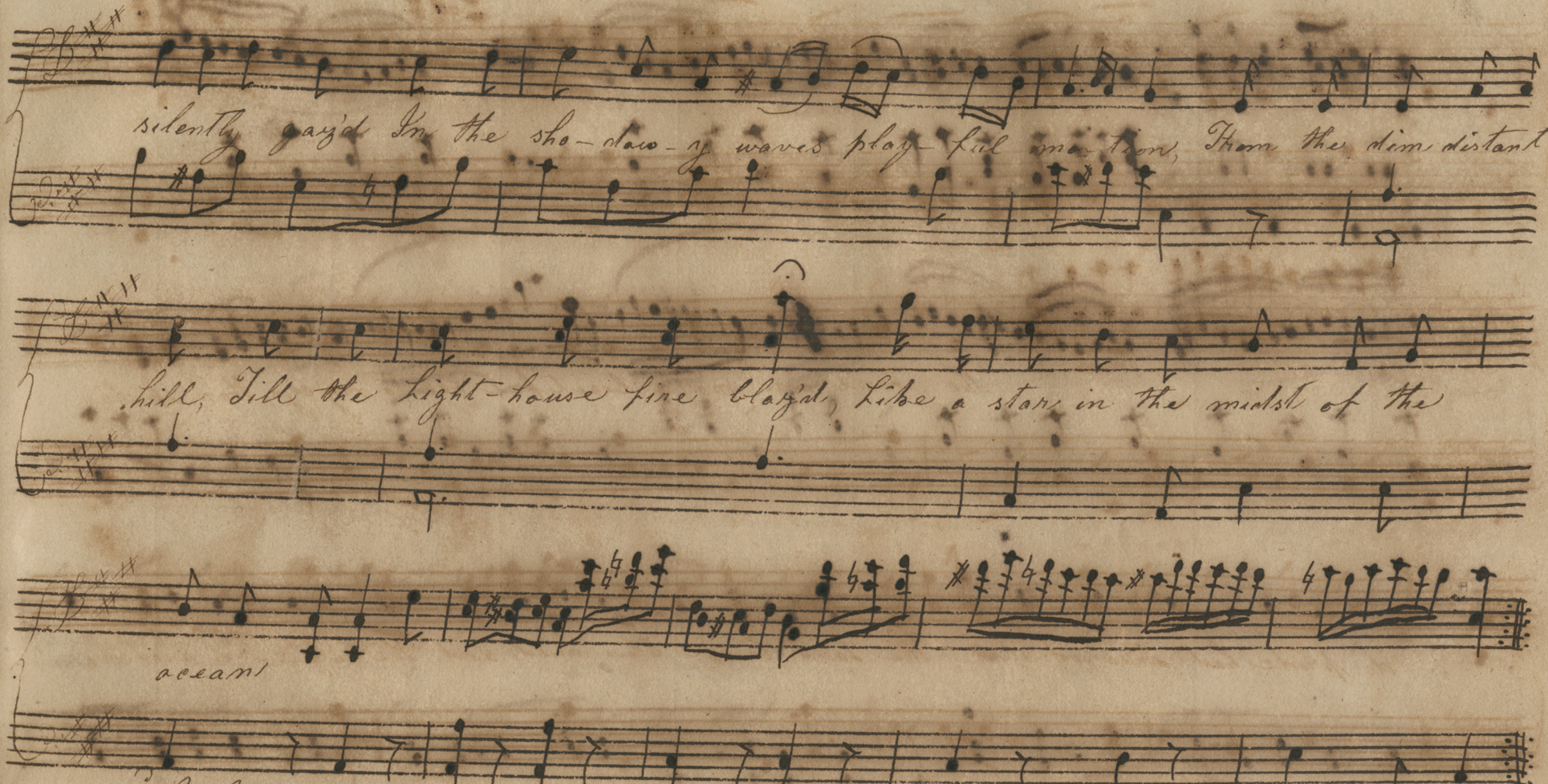

in the heart where pi-ty finds a place it adds to ev'ry charm a po-lish'd grace, but
in the heart where pity finds a place it adds to ev'ry charm a polish'd grace, the


breast that heaves with dawning pasions sigh gives a sweet lustre to the melting
eye by blushes soft the inward virtues speak and ev'ry tear adorns the youth-ful


cuck —— adorns - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - and ev'ry tear adorns the youthful cuck
Tr
and ev'ry tear adorns the youth-ful cuck
adorns - and every tear adorns the youthful cuck
Tr

The Light House.





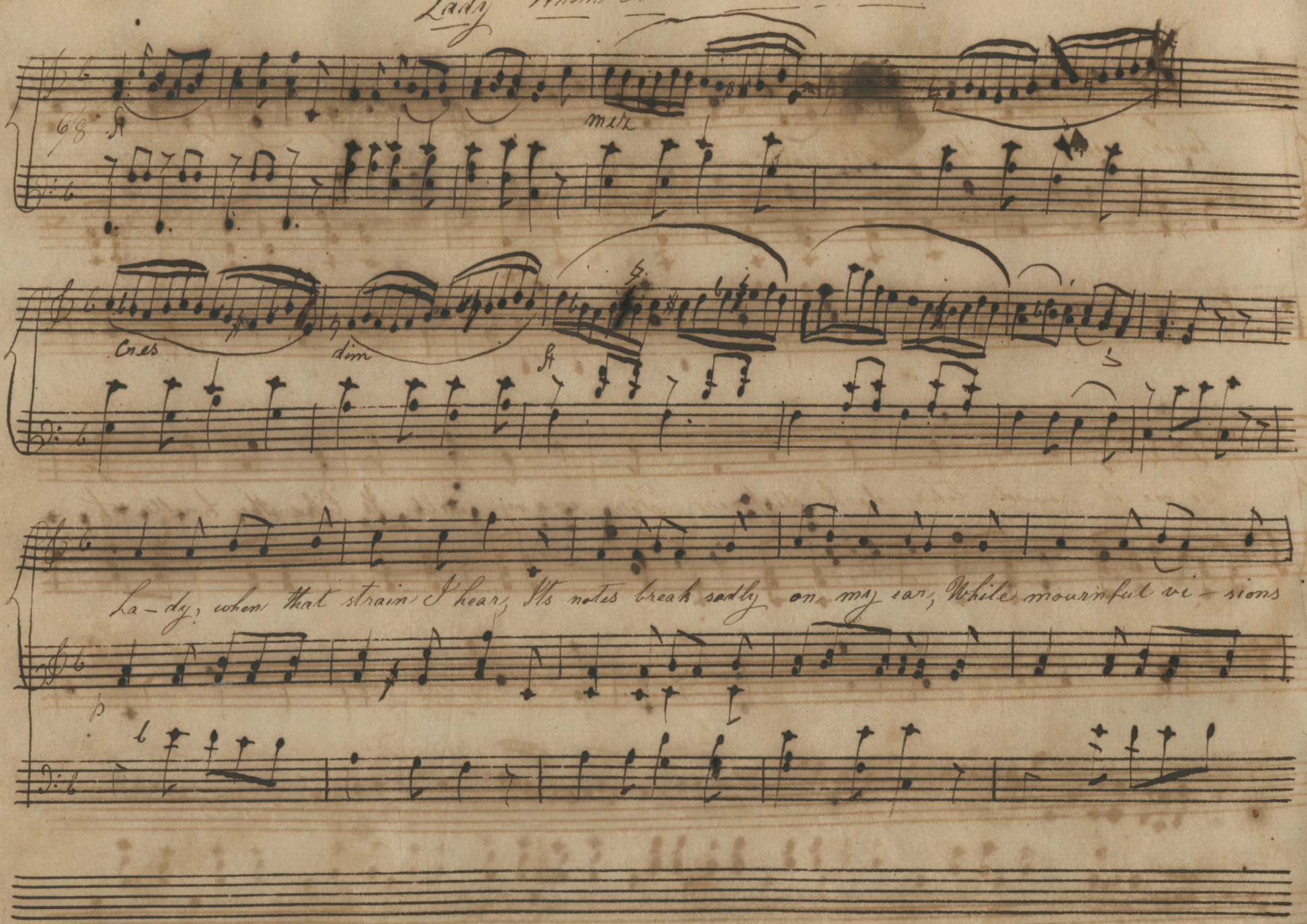
2 No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers,
The sea-bird had flown to her wave girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

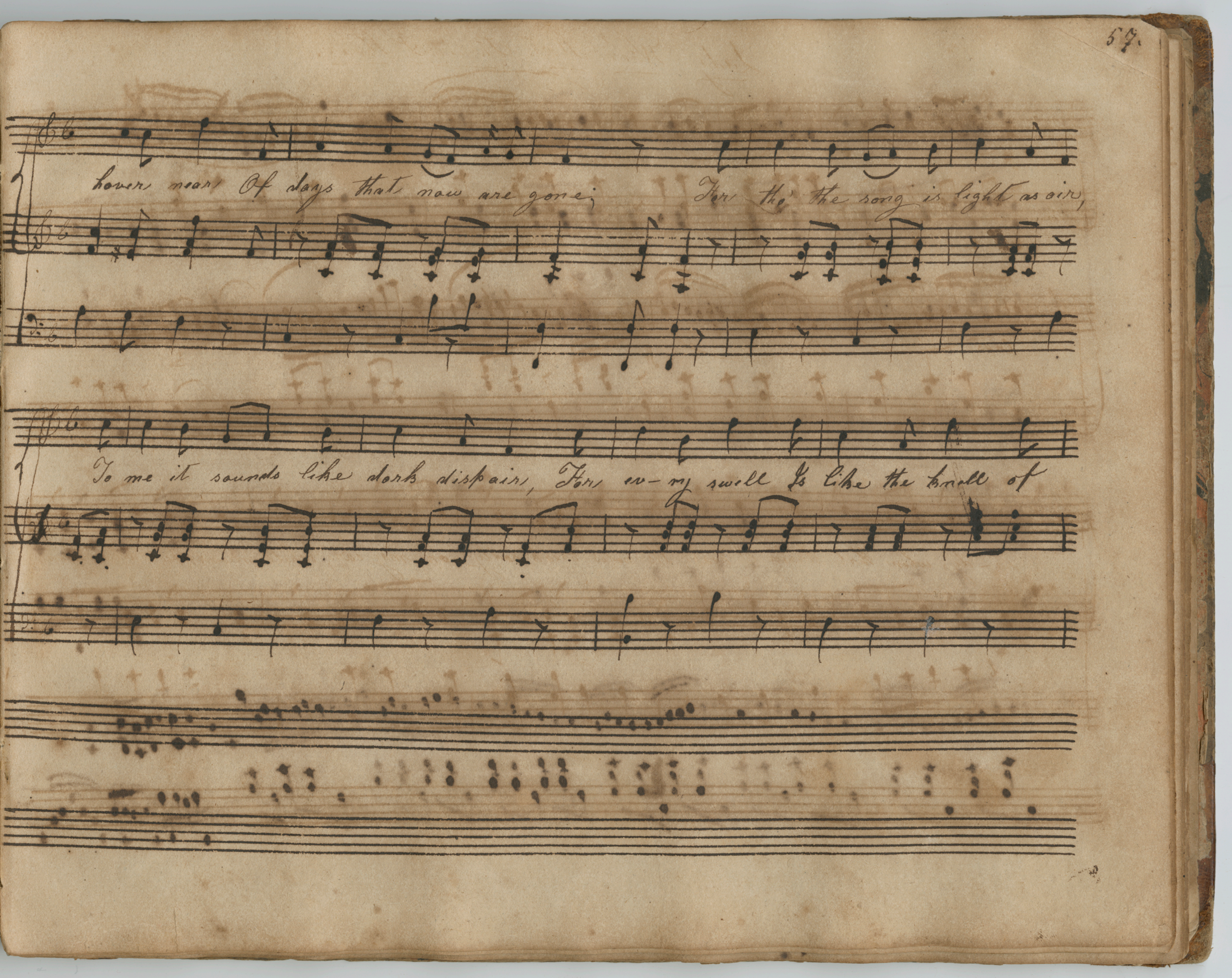
3rd The time is long past and the scene is a far,
Yet when my head rest on its pillows
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow:

One moment I look'd from the hills gentle slope,
All hush'd was the billow's commotion,
And I th'ot that the light-house looked lovely as hope
That star on life's tremelous O-cean.

(flies,
In life's closing hours, when the trembling soul
And death stills the hearts last emotion
O! then may the seraph of mercy arise
Like a star on eternity's o-cean.

Lady Whom That Strain I Hear.



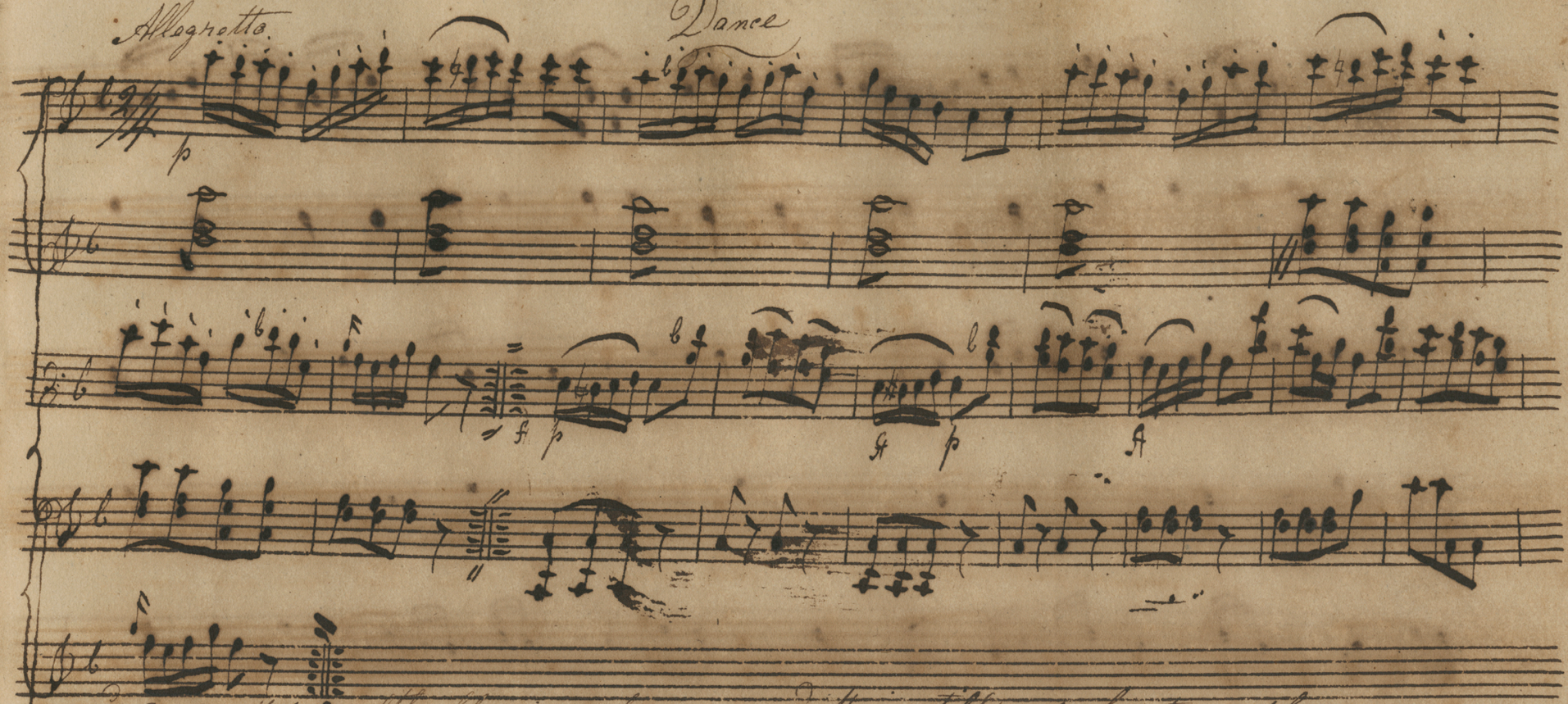

lower near Of days that now are gone; For tho' the song is light as air,
To me it sounds like dark dispair, For ev-ry swell Is like the knell of

joys for — ever flown! Cease not then to touch the string, But lady, cease there

notes to sing, For mournful visions still they bring Of days that now are gone.

Allegretto.

Dance



2 Could their softly flowing rhyme
Delight the ear of death or time

3d Music still my heart can please,
Its soothing pow'r can never cease,

Or wait me to my native clime.
& then might collect [illegible] their power

Oh! touch some air that whispers peace,
And songs of calm repose.
For more such strains the ear beguile,

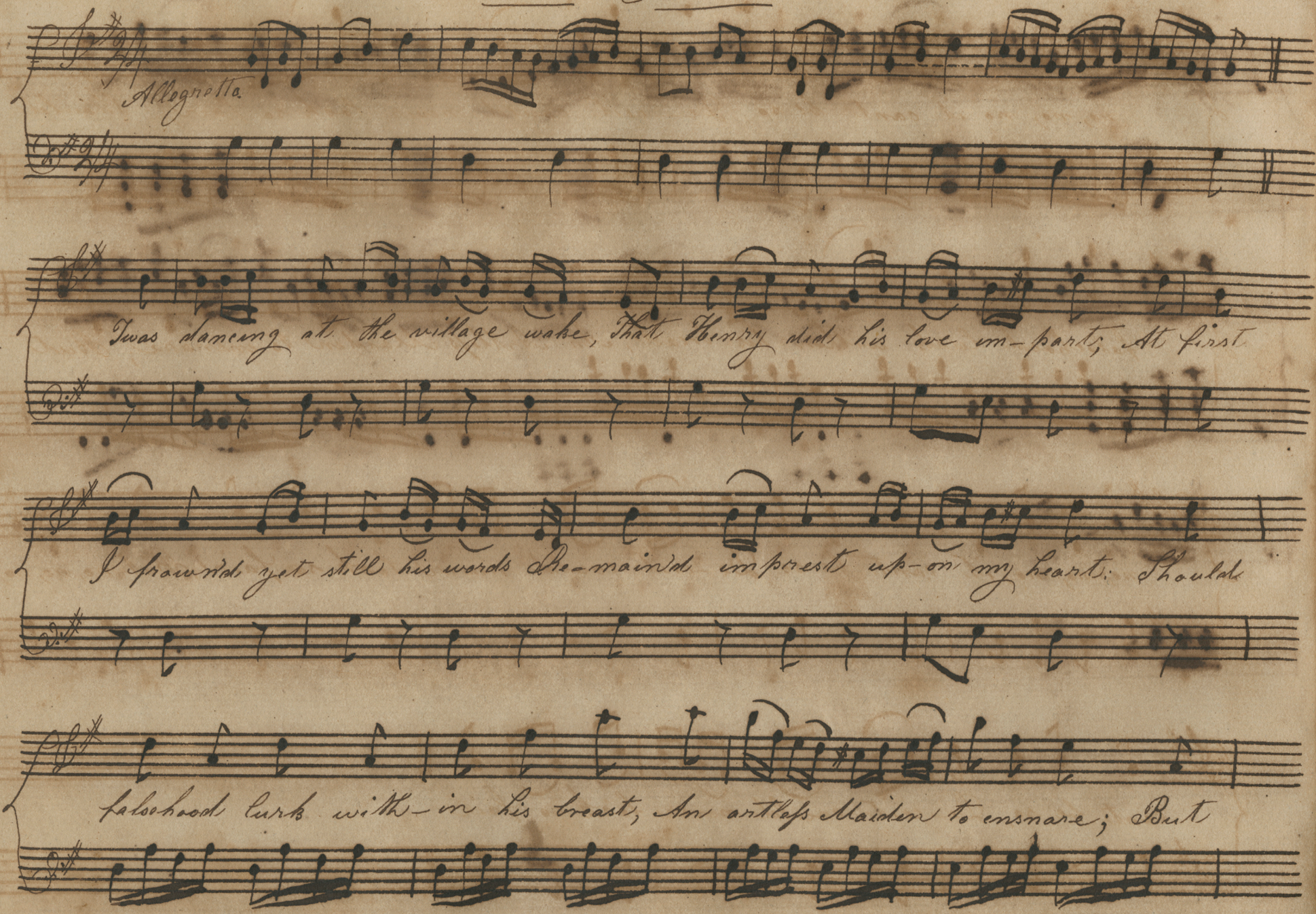
But ah! how vain the sweetest lays
To bring again departed days
Or wake the glance
That Kindled once

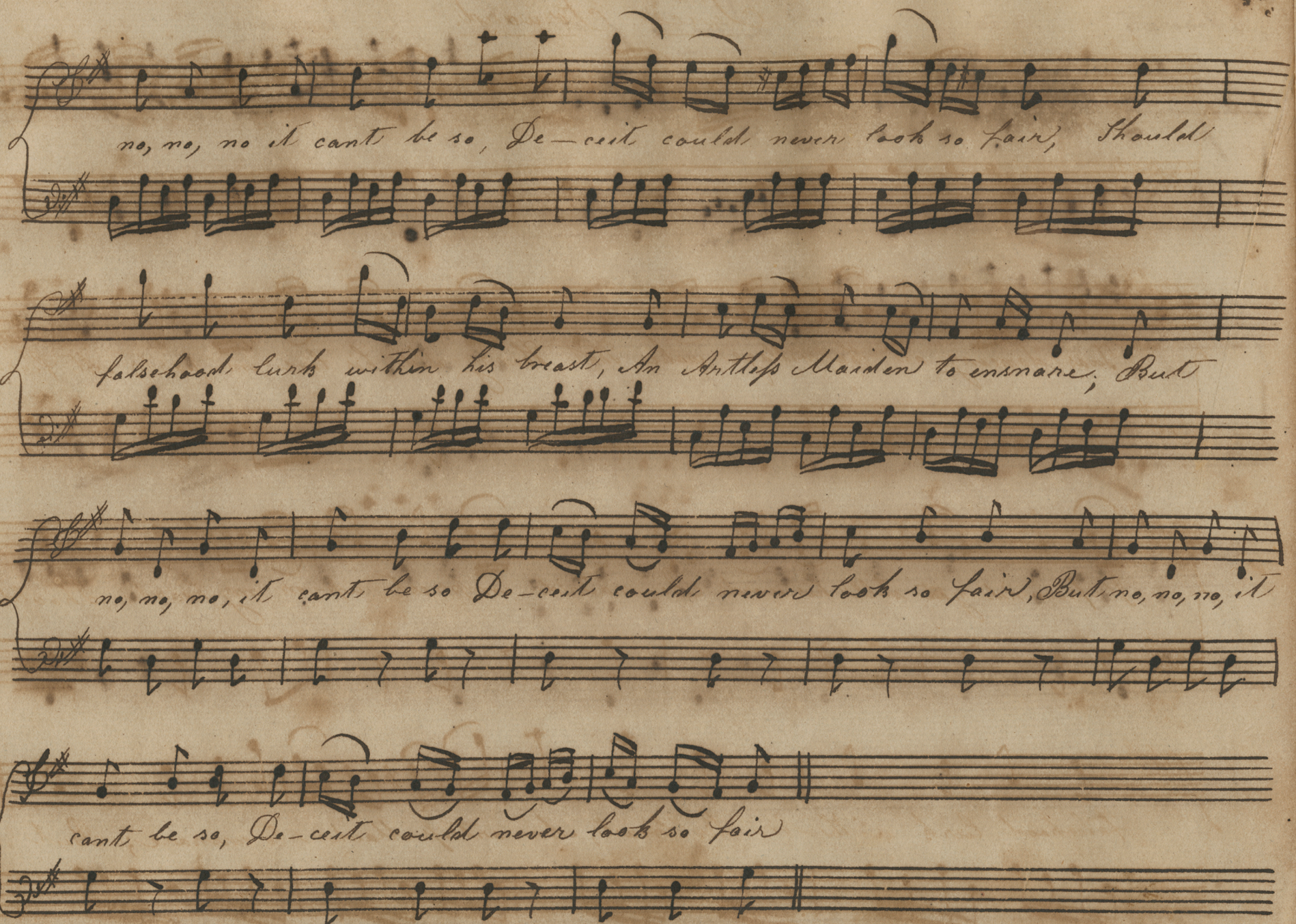
When breath'd from beauty's angel smile,
Her radient eye
And thrilling sigh,

Her beauties wither'd flow'r
Cease not then to touch the string
But lady cease these notes to sing,
And let some other measure ring,
To charm the lapsing hours.

That mark each plaintive close
All are spells whose gentle sway
Give soul to music's magic lay
Our captive hearts charmed away
And half forgot our woes.

Twice Forward.

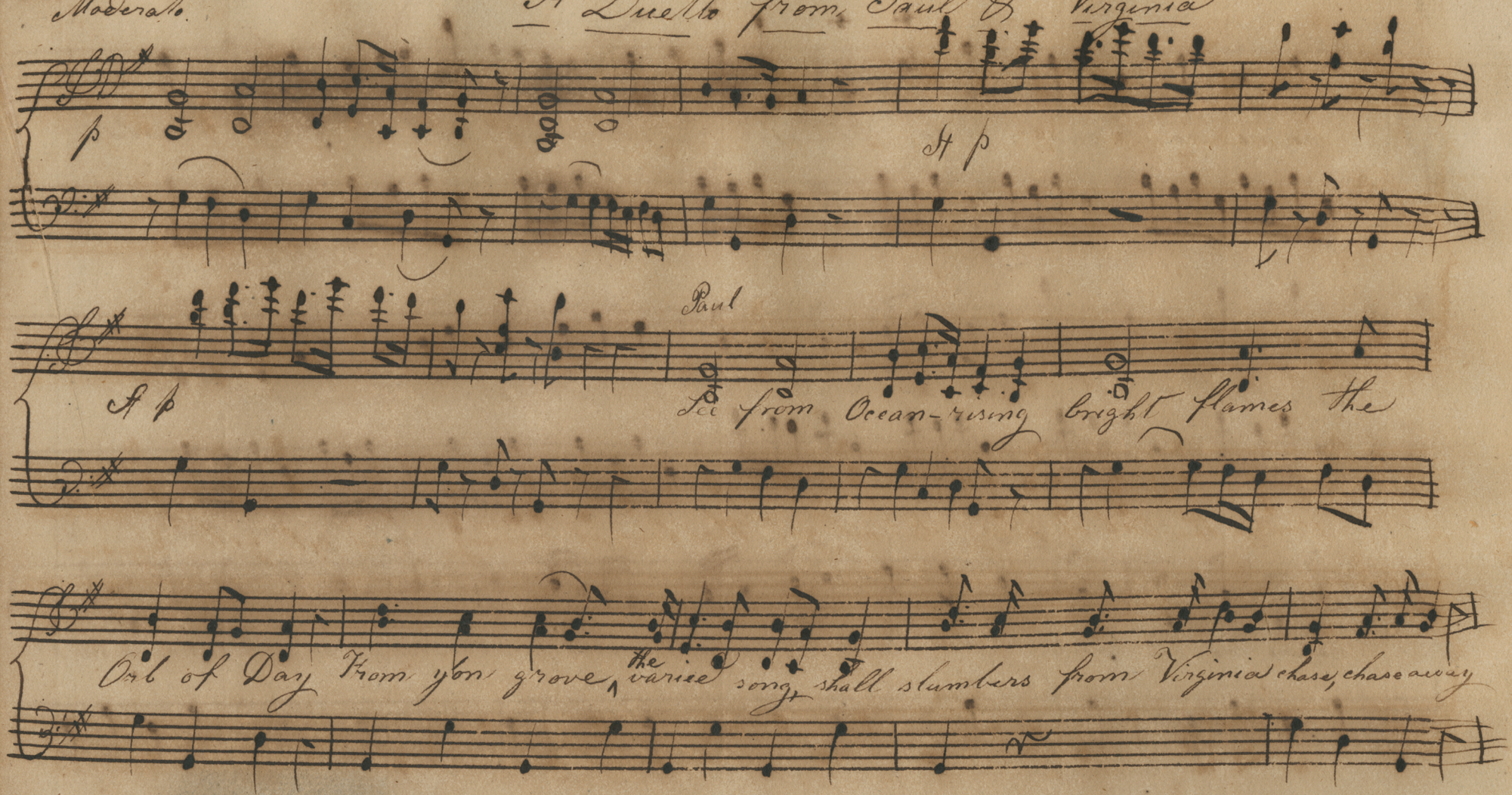



no, no, no it cant be so, De—ceit could never look so fair, Should
falsehood lurk within his breast, An Artless Maiden to ensnare, But
no, no, no, it cant be so De—ceit could never look so fair, But no, no, no, it
cant be so, De—ceit could never look so fair

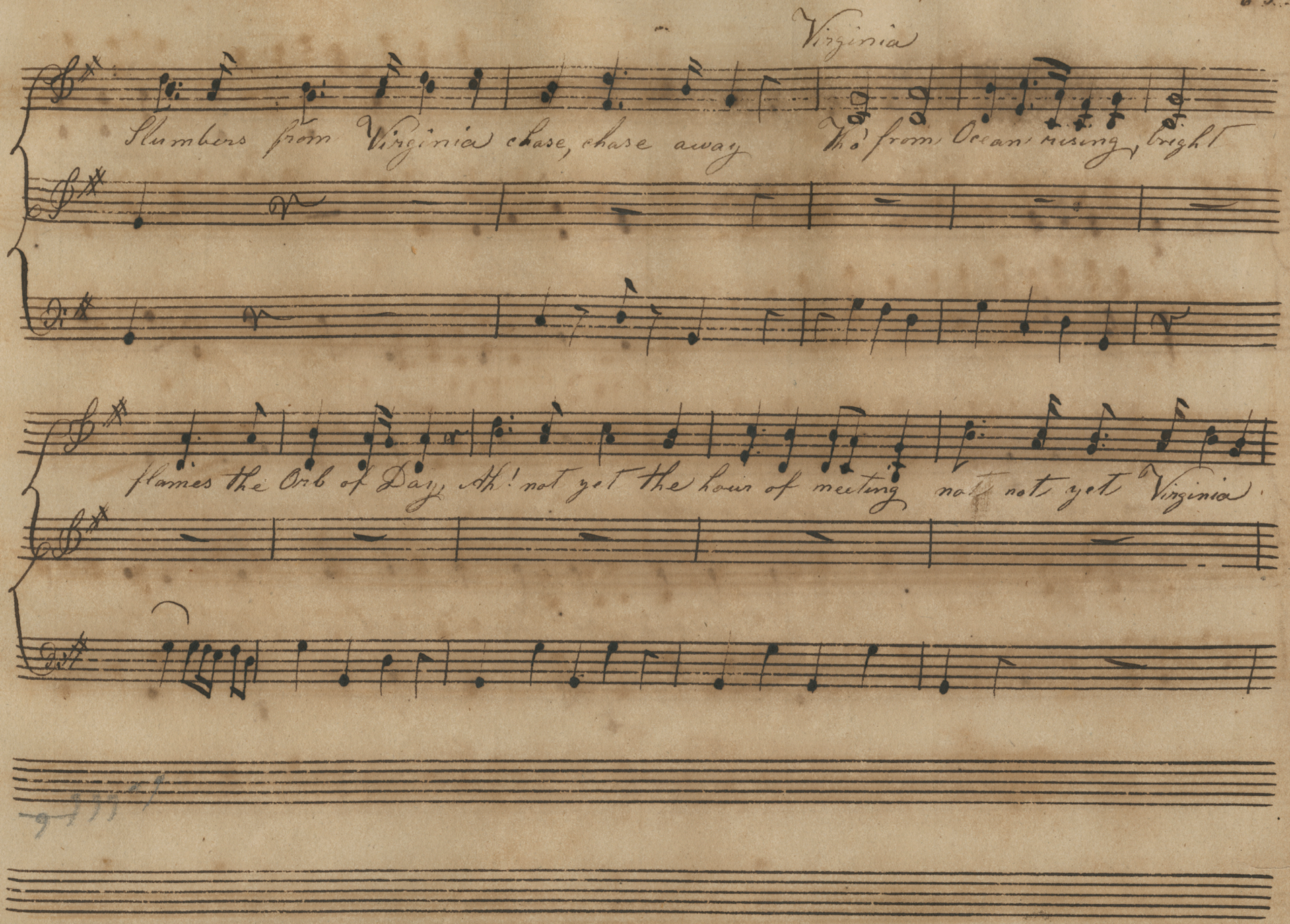
62.

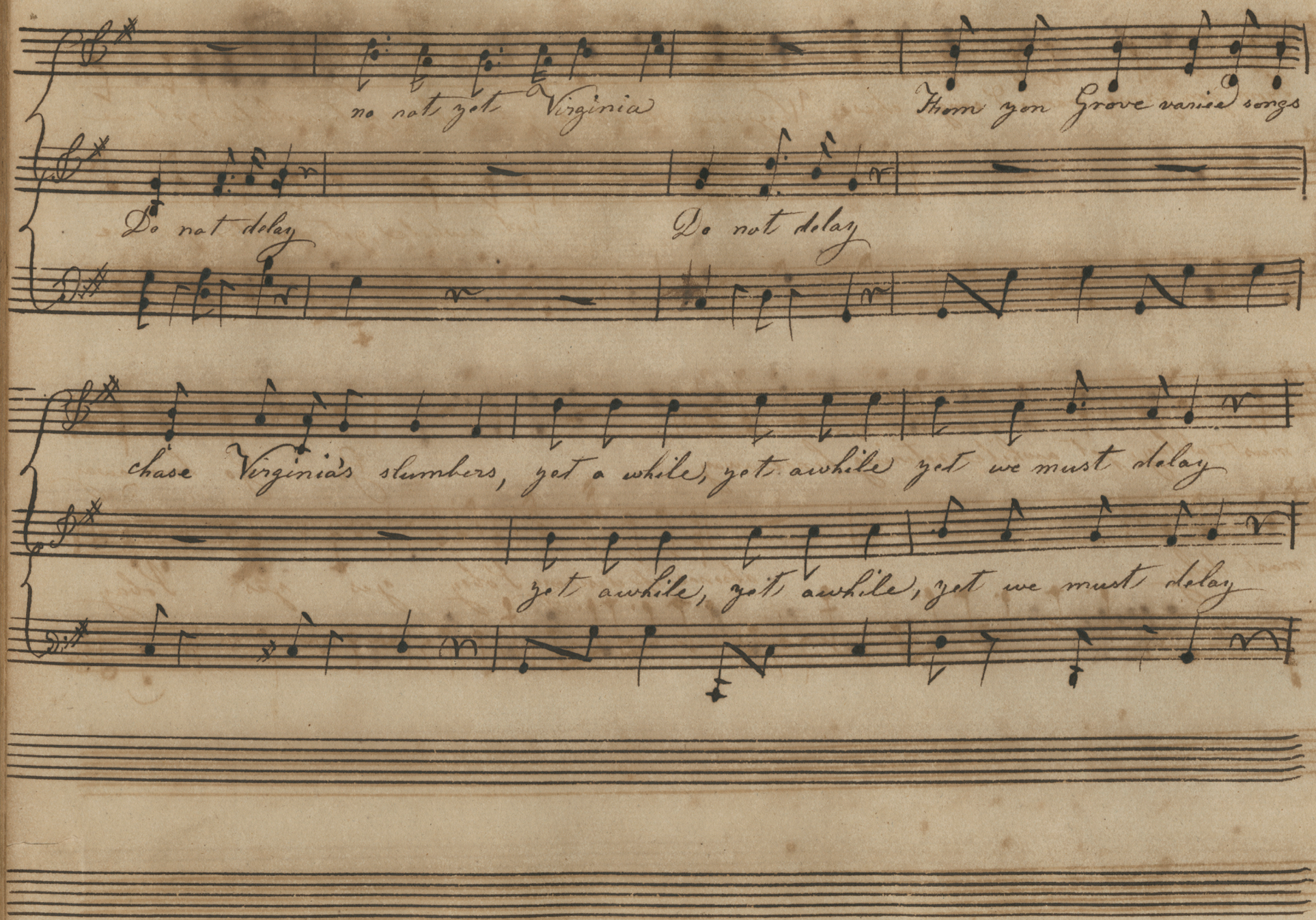
Moderato.

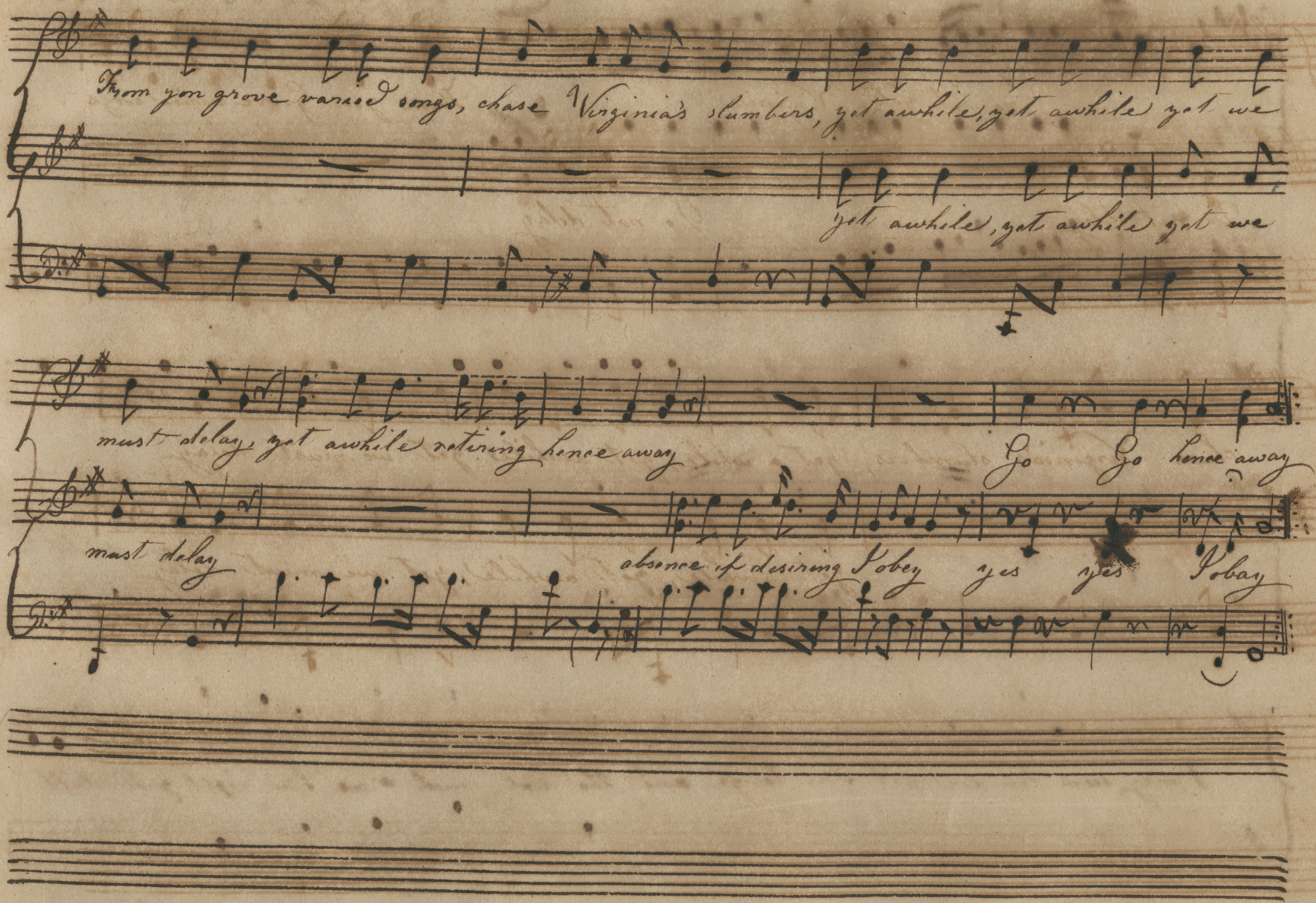
A Duetto from Paul & Virginia



Virginia

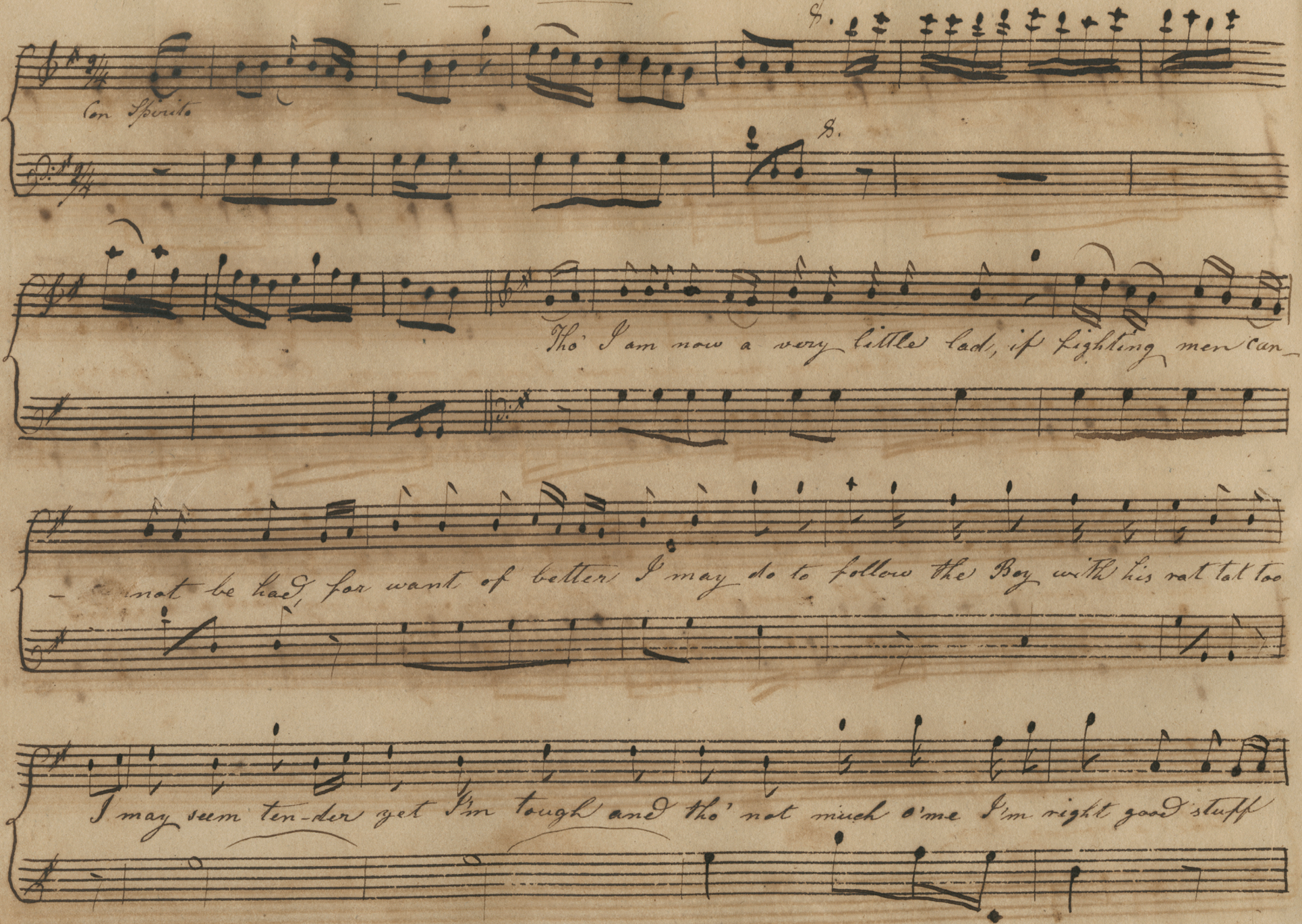

Slumbers from Virginia chase, chase away
Tho' from Ocean rising, bright
flames the Orb of Day, Ah! not yet the hour of meeting
not not yet Virginia.

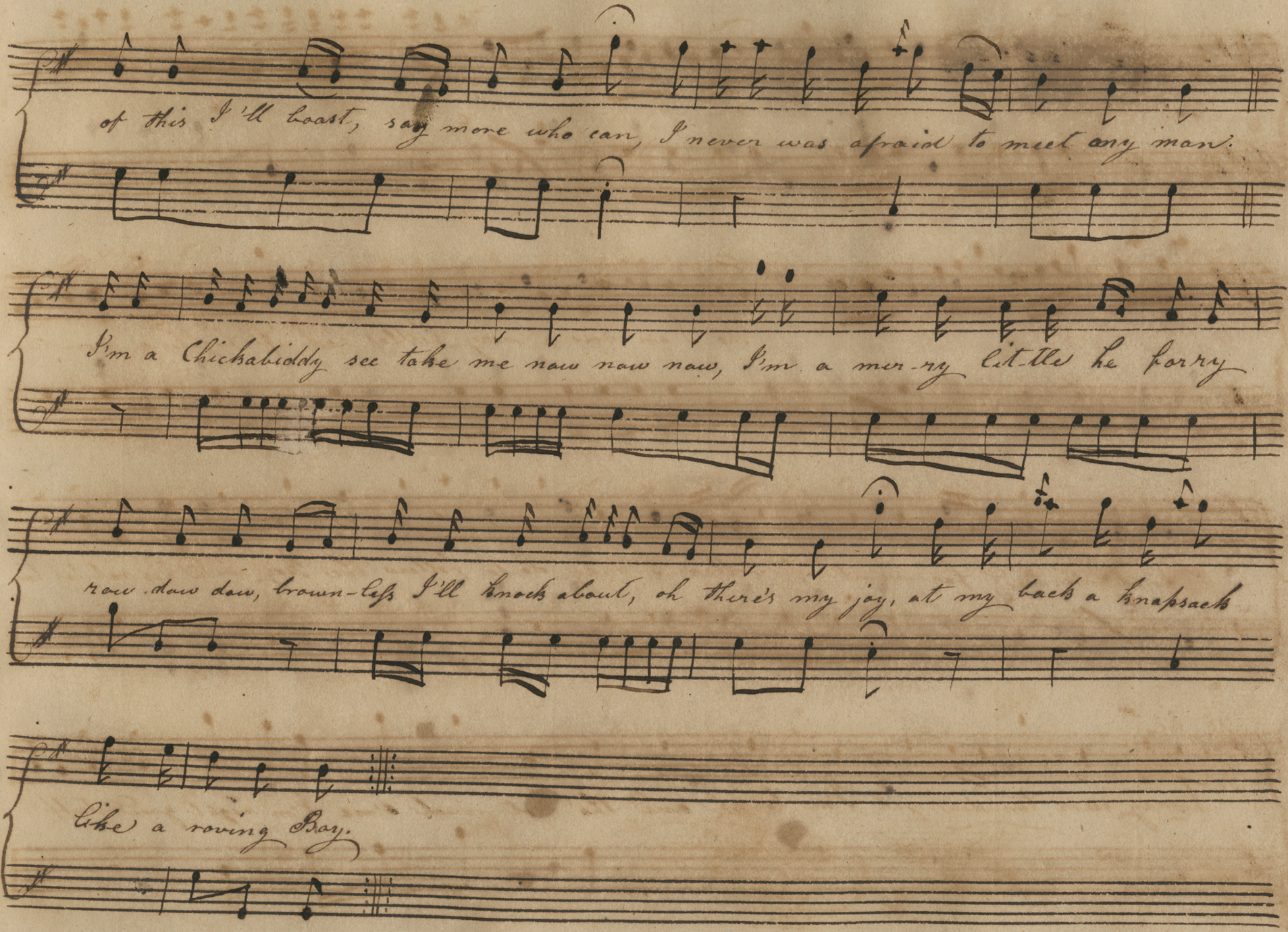

no not yet Virginia
From yon Grove varied songs
Do not delay
Do not delay
chase Virginia's slumbers, yet a while, yet awhile yet we must delay
yet awhile, yet awhile, yet we must delay


From yon grove varied songs, chase Virginia's slumbers, yet awhile, yet awhile yet we
yet awhile, yet awhile yet we
must delay, yet awhile retiring hence away
Go Go hence away
must delay
absence if desiring I obey yes yes I obay

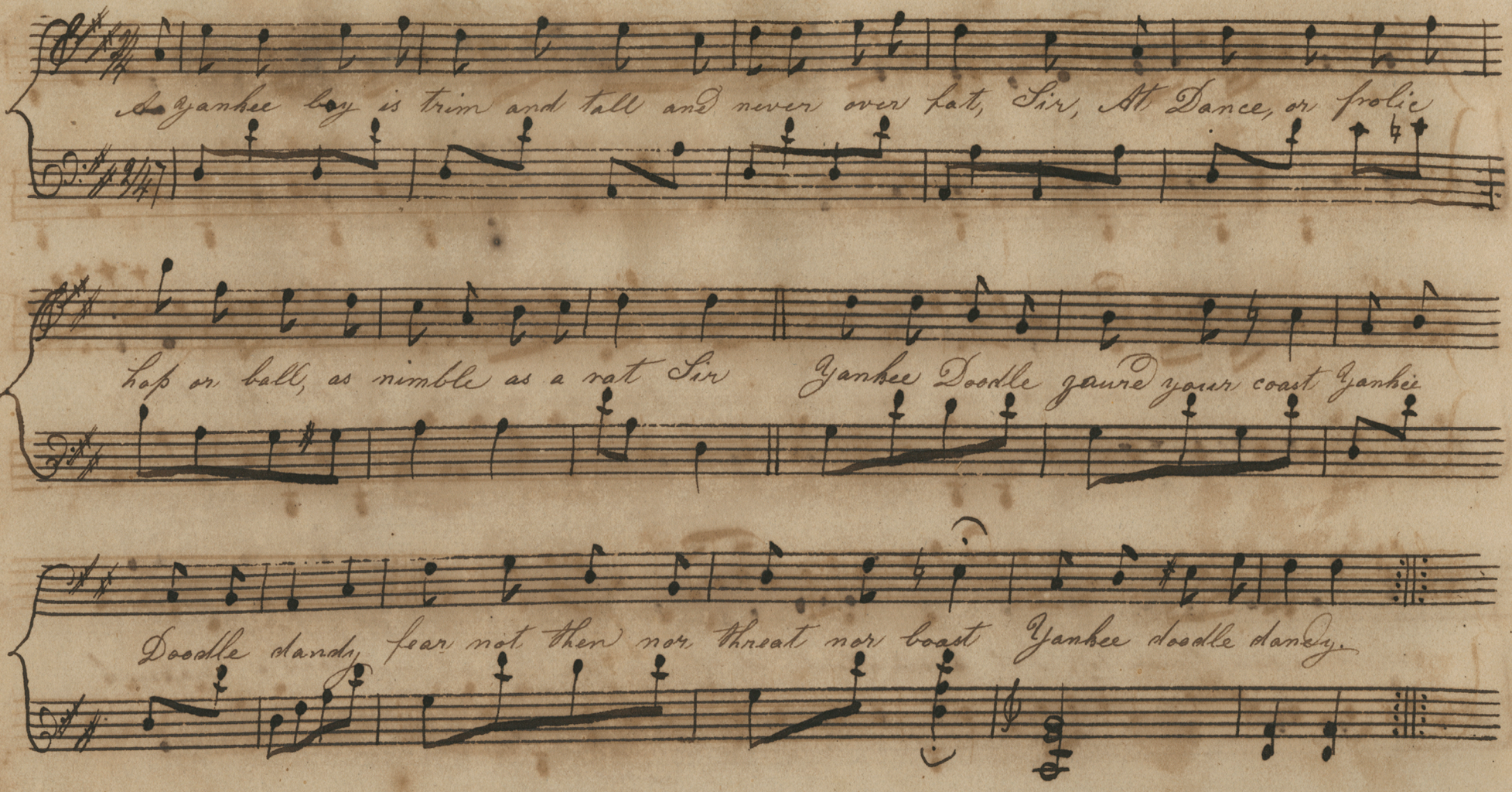
The White Cockade

Hilan'd Reel



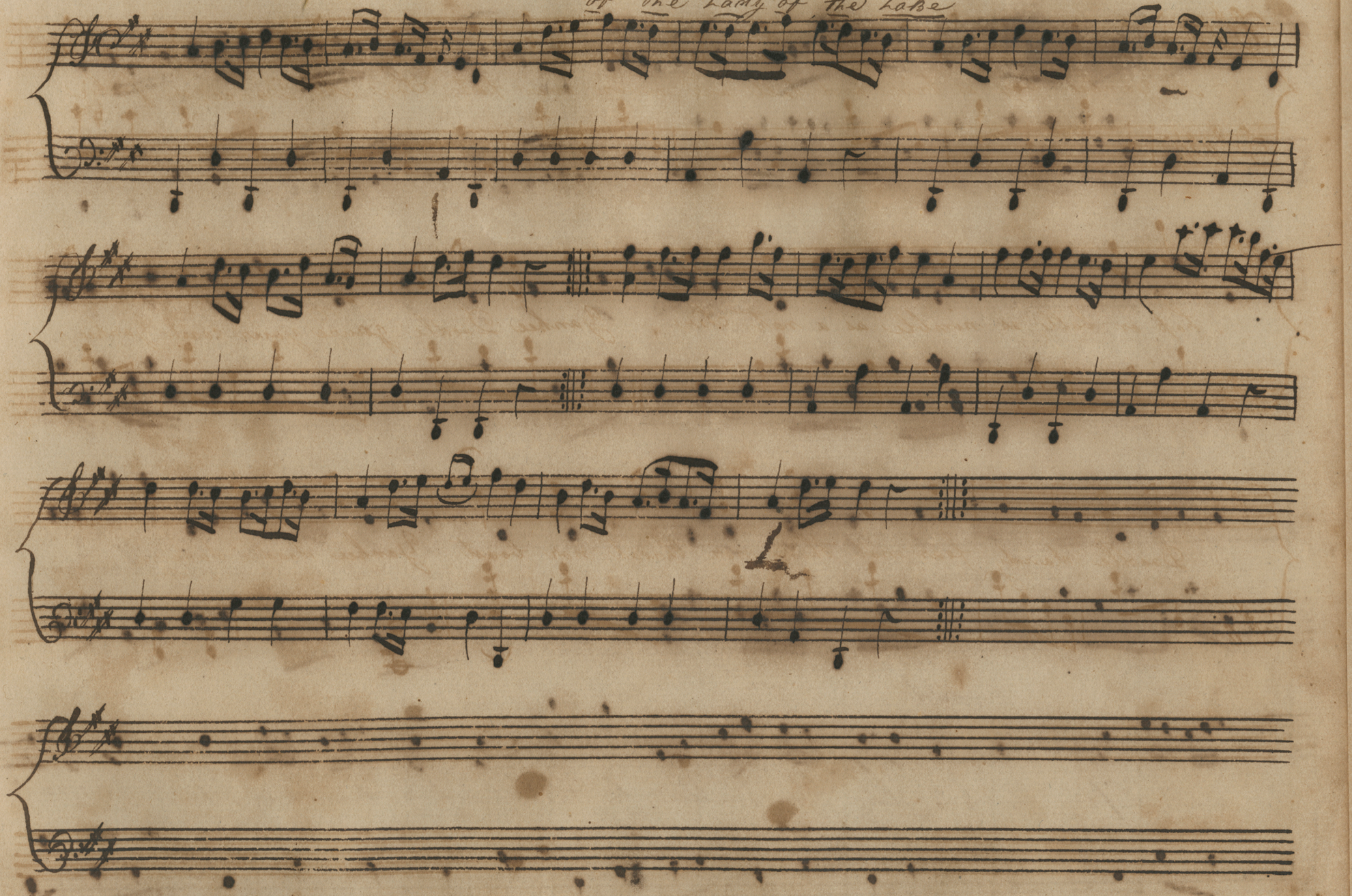

of this I'll boast, say more who can, I never was afraid to meet any man.
I'm a Chickabiddy see take me naw naw naw, I'm a mer-ry lit-tle he parry
raw daw daw, brown-less I'll knock about, oh there's my joy, at my backs a knapsack
like a roving Boy.

Yankee Doodle



Bold.

March and Chorus in the Dramatic Romance of the Lady of the Lake



Tho you think by this to vex me.

Lilla

Leapold

Tho' you think by this to vex me. Love no more can give me pain. Vainly strive not to

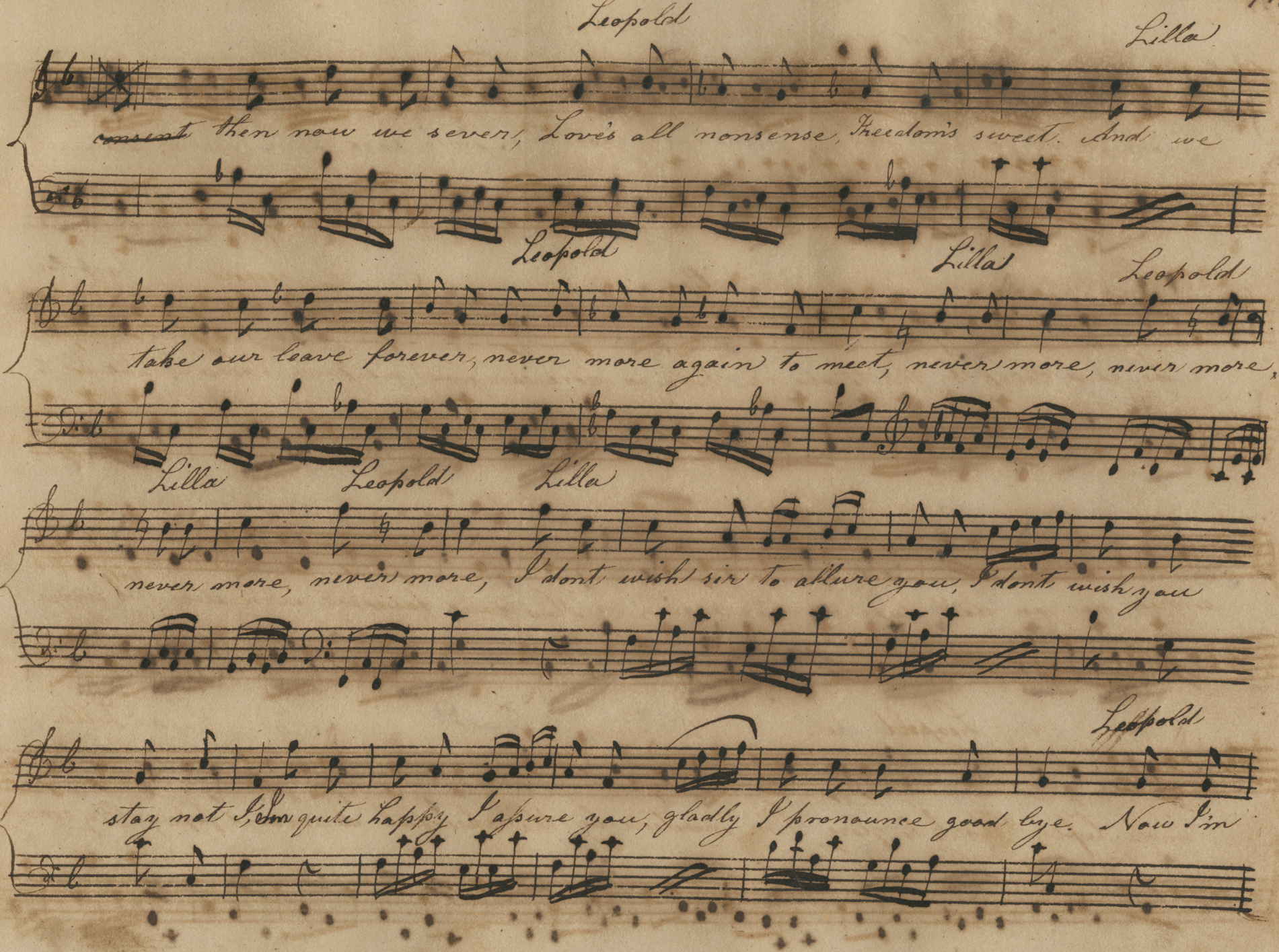
Lilla

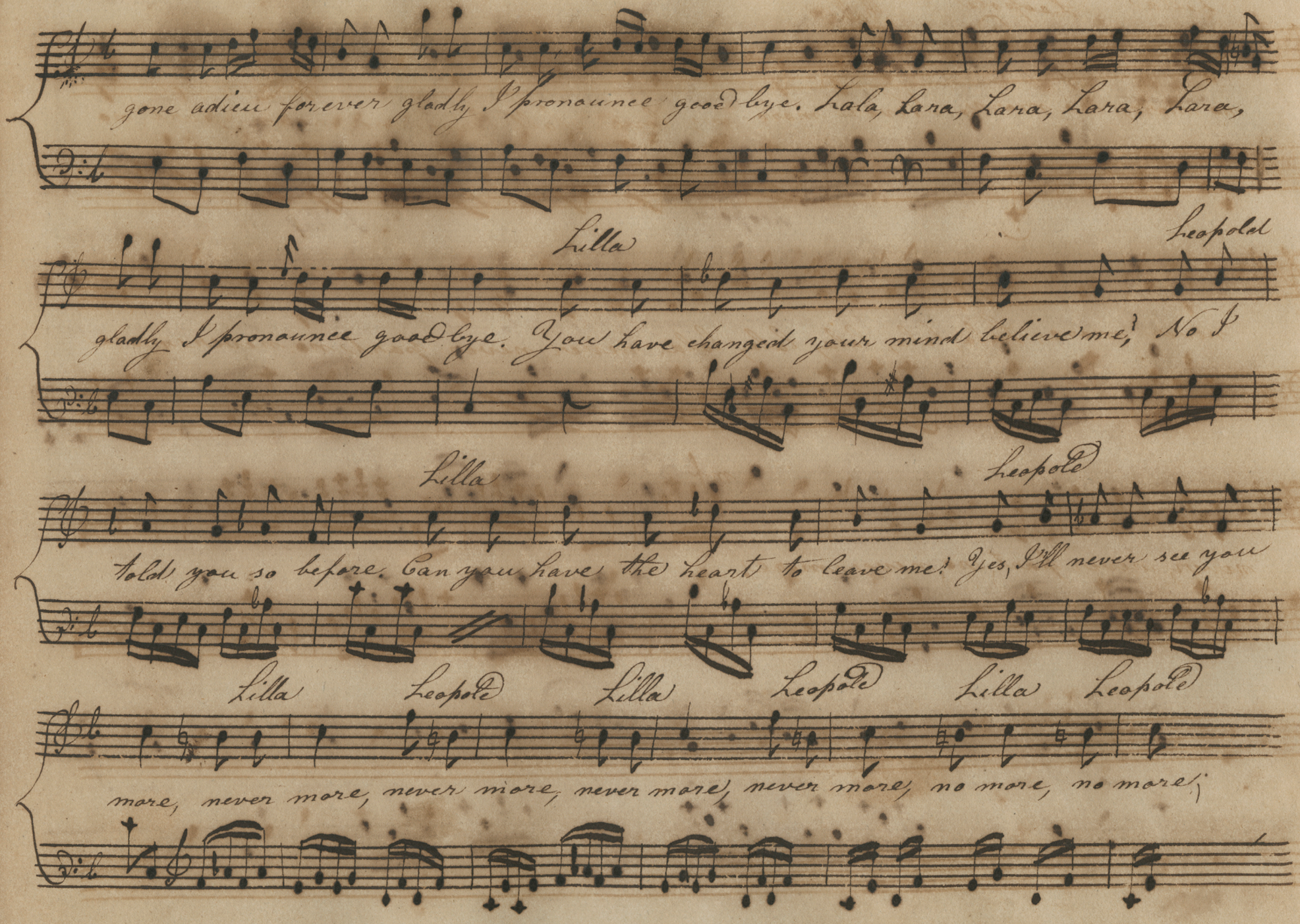
perplex me you shall dupe me nèer again. Now your falsehood is requited. I'll enjoya

Leapold

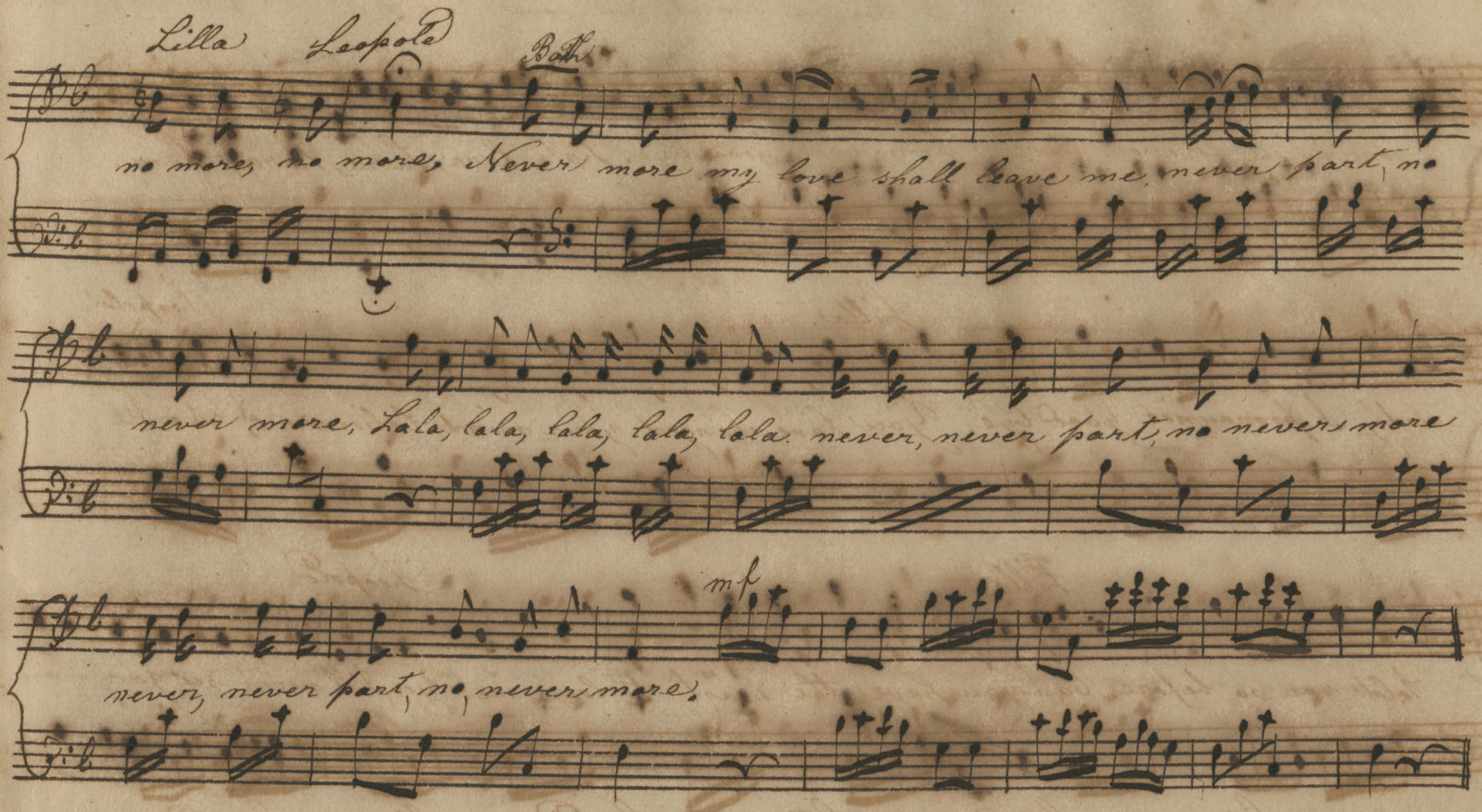
Lilla

single life; Hark to glory I'm invited by the chearful drum and fife, By consent


Leopold
Lilla
~~consent~~ then now we sever, Love's all nonsense, Freedom's sweet. And we
Leopold
Lilla
Leopold
take our leave forever, never more again to meet, never more, never more,
Lilla
Leopold
Lilla
never more, never more, I dont wish sir to allure you, I dont wish you
Leopold
stay not I, I'm quite happy I assure you, gladly I pronounce good bye. Now I'm


gone adieu forever gladly I pronaunce good bye. Lala, Lara, Lara, Lara, Lara,
Lilla
Leopold
gladly I pronaunce good bye. You have changed your mind believe me, No I
Lilla
Leopold
told you so before. Can you have the heart to leave me? Yes, I'll never see you
Lilla
Leopold
Lilla
Leopold
Lilla
Leopold
more, never more, never more, never more, never more, no more, no more,

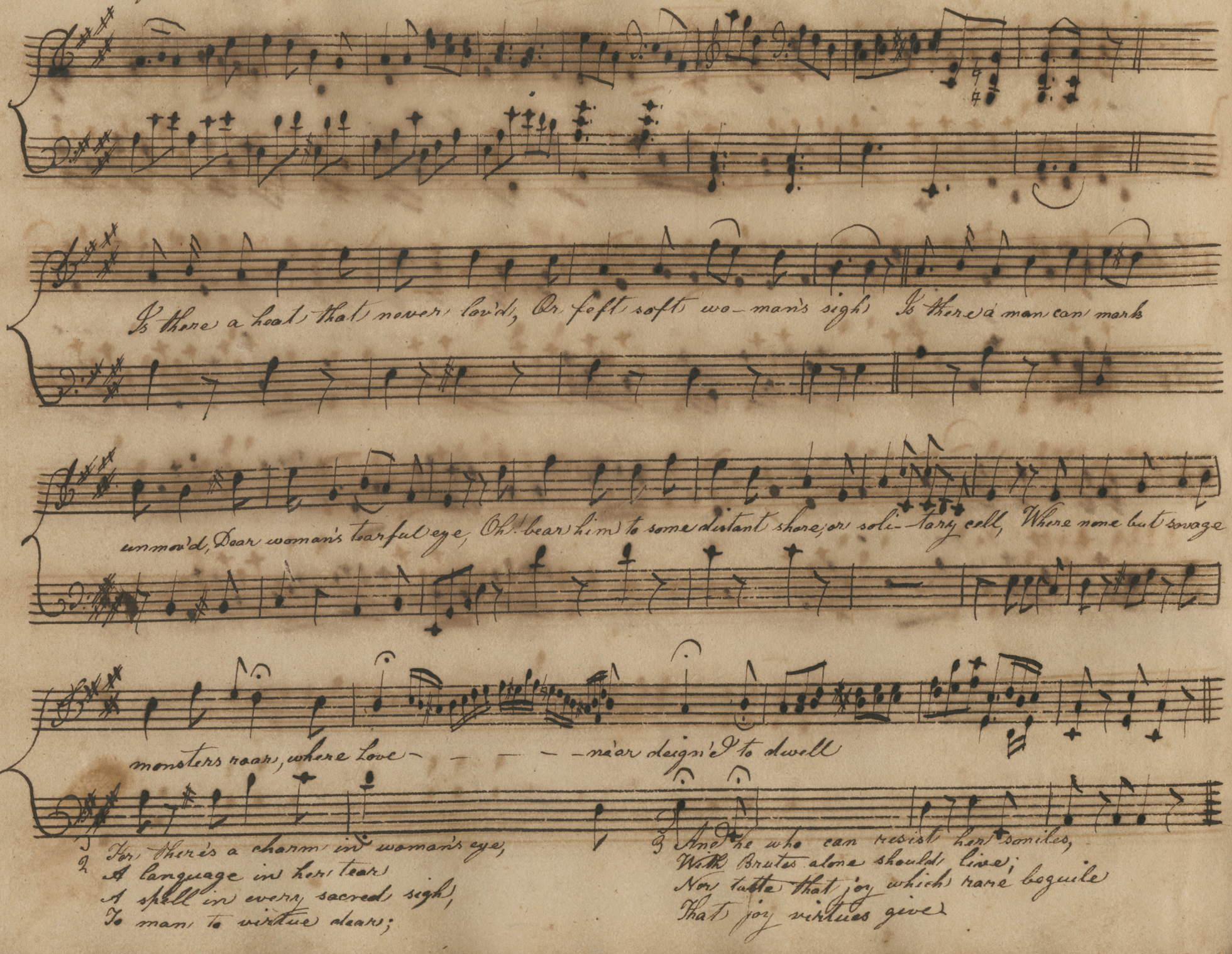
Lilla Leopold Bath



Larghetto.

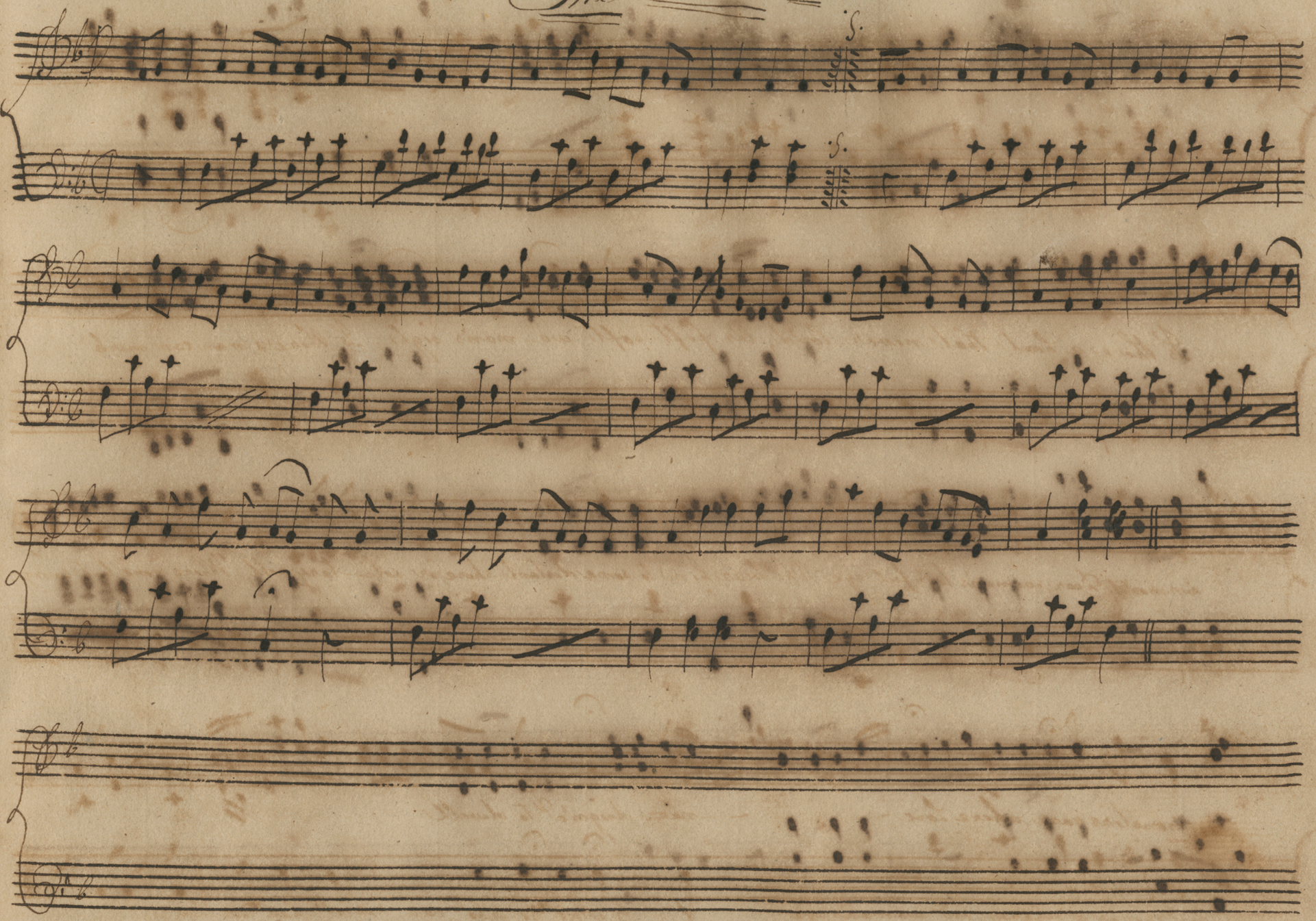
Is there a Heart that never Love'd.

by H. R. Braham

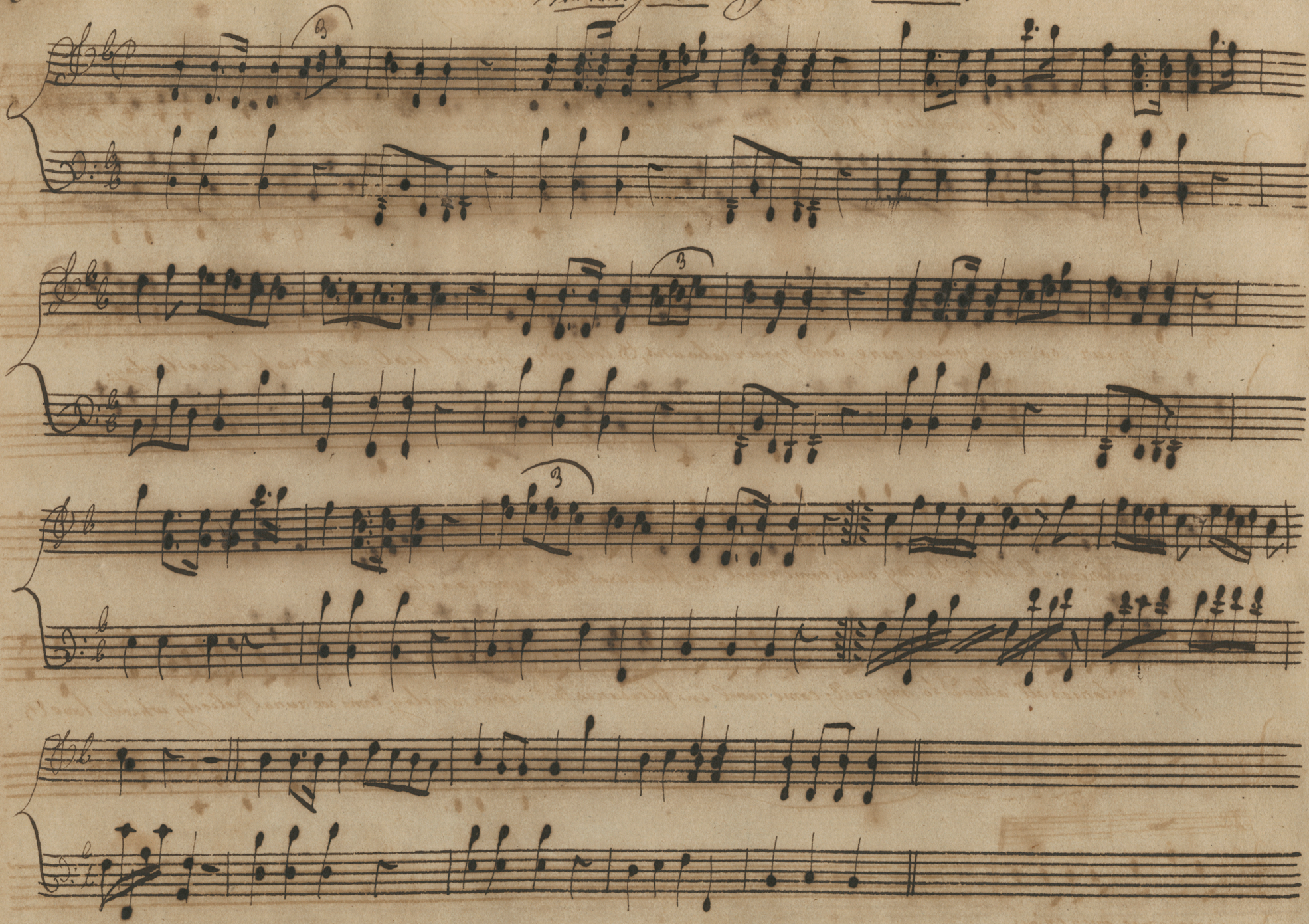


Moderato.

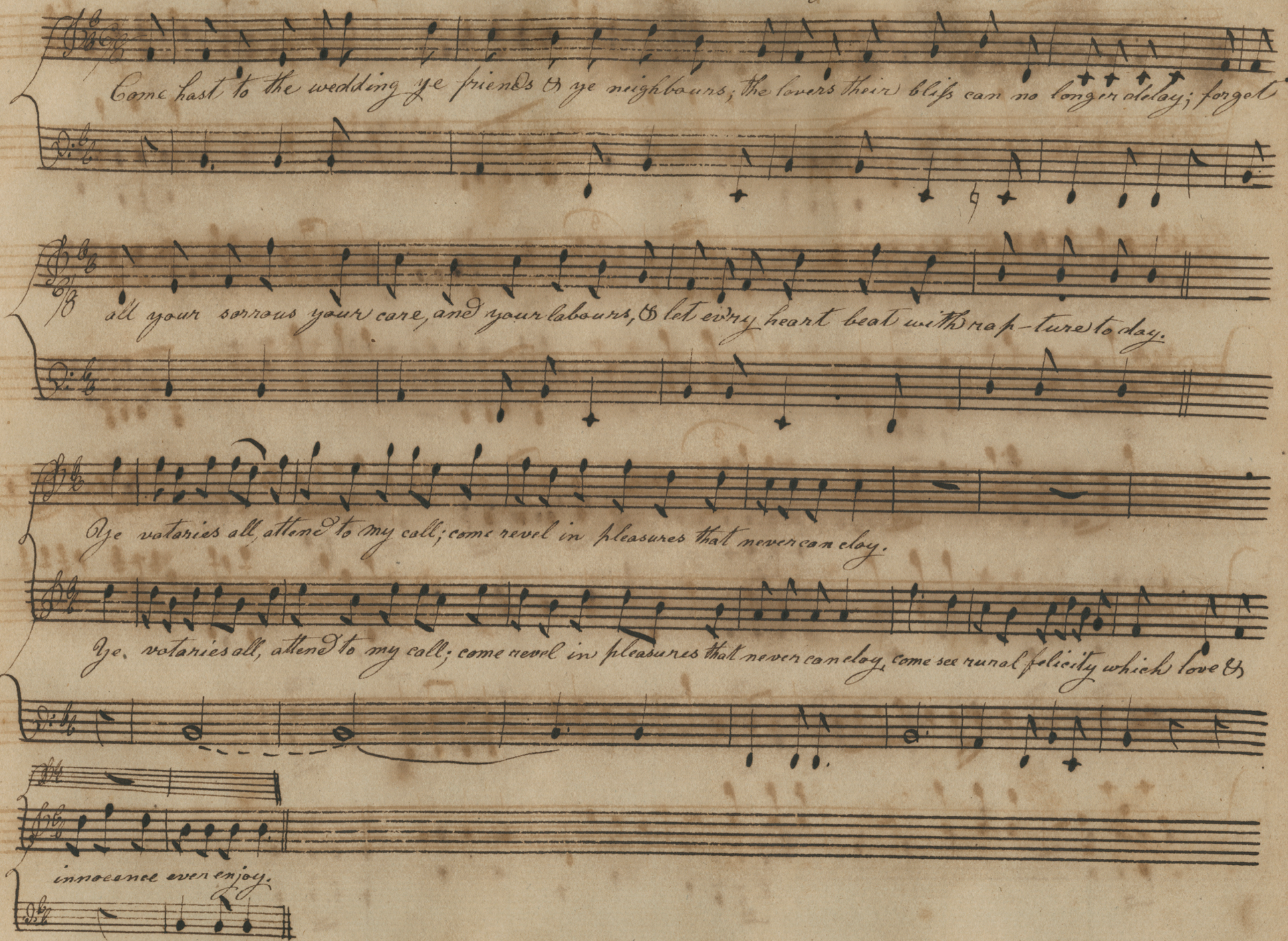
The Soldiers C.



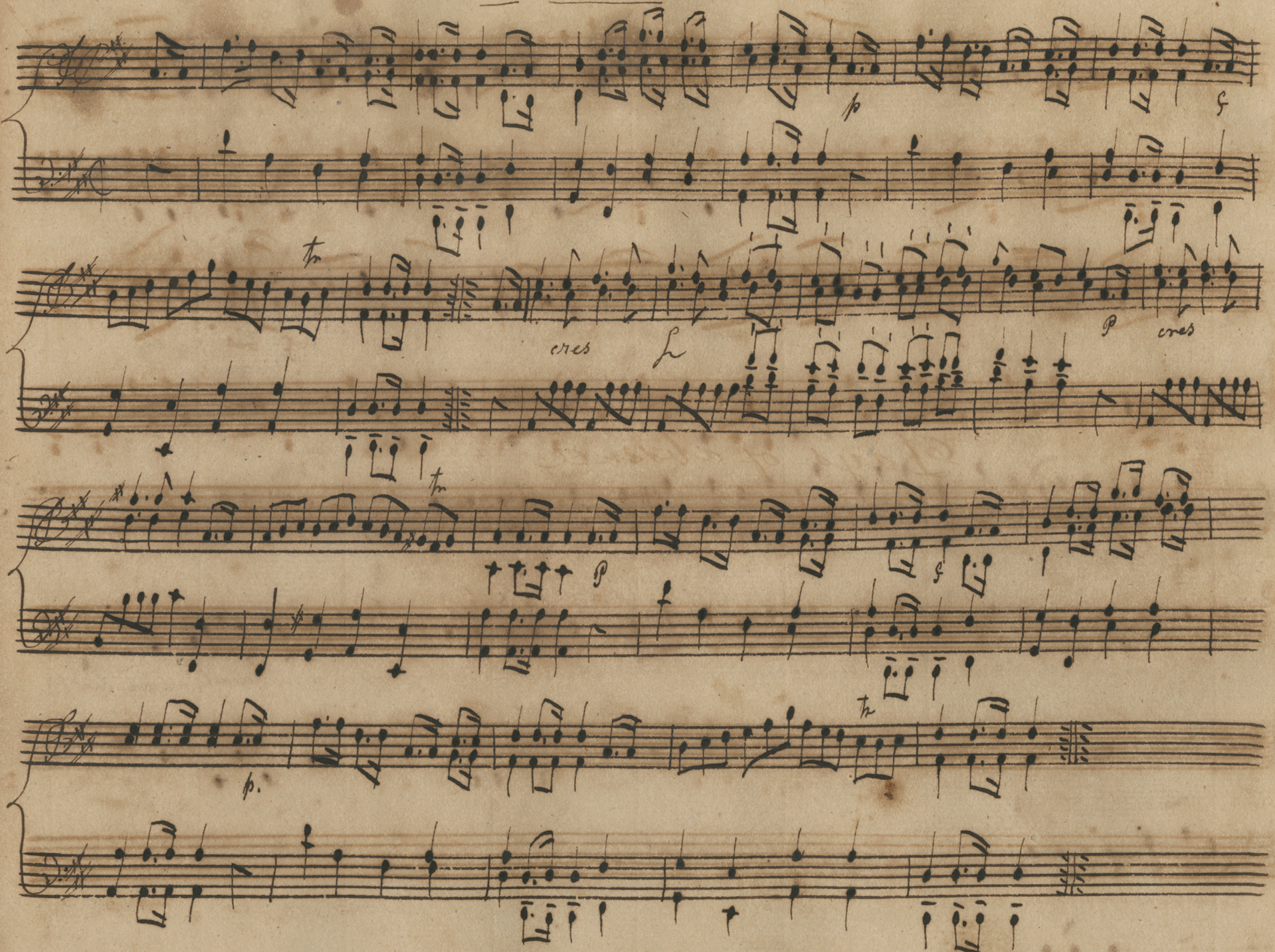
Wellington's Grand March.



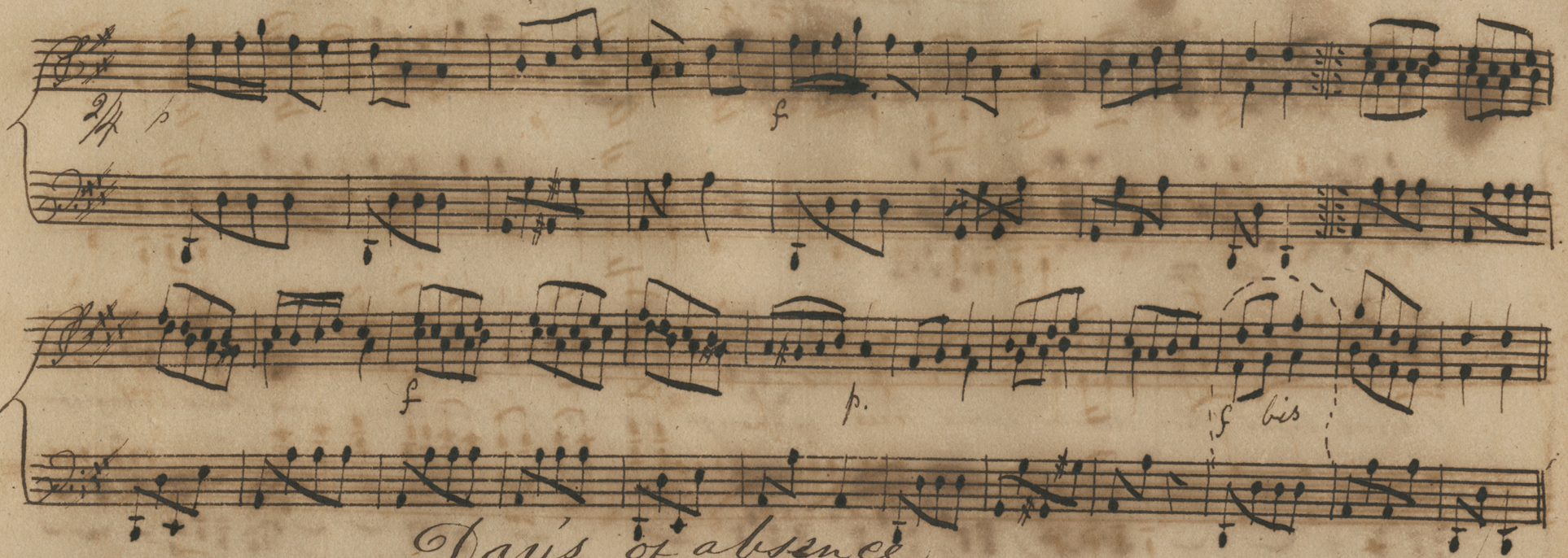
Come hast to the Wedding.



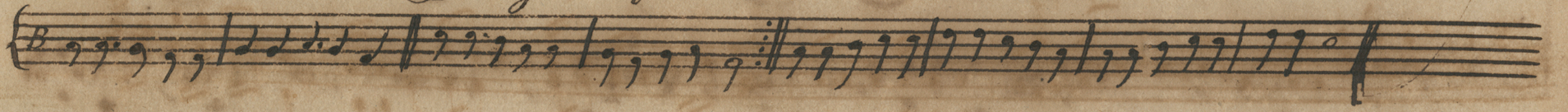
The Rochdale Volunteers March



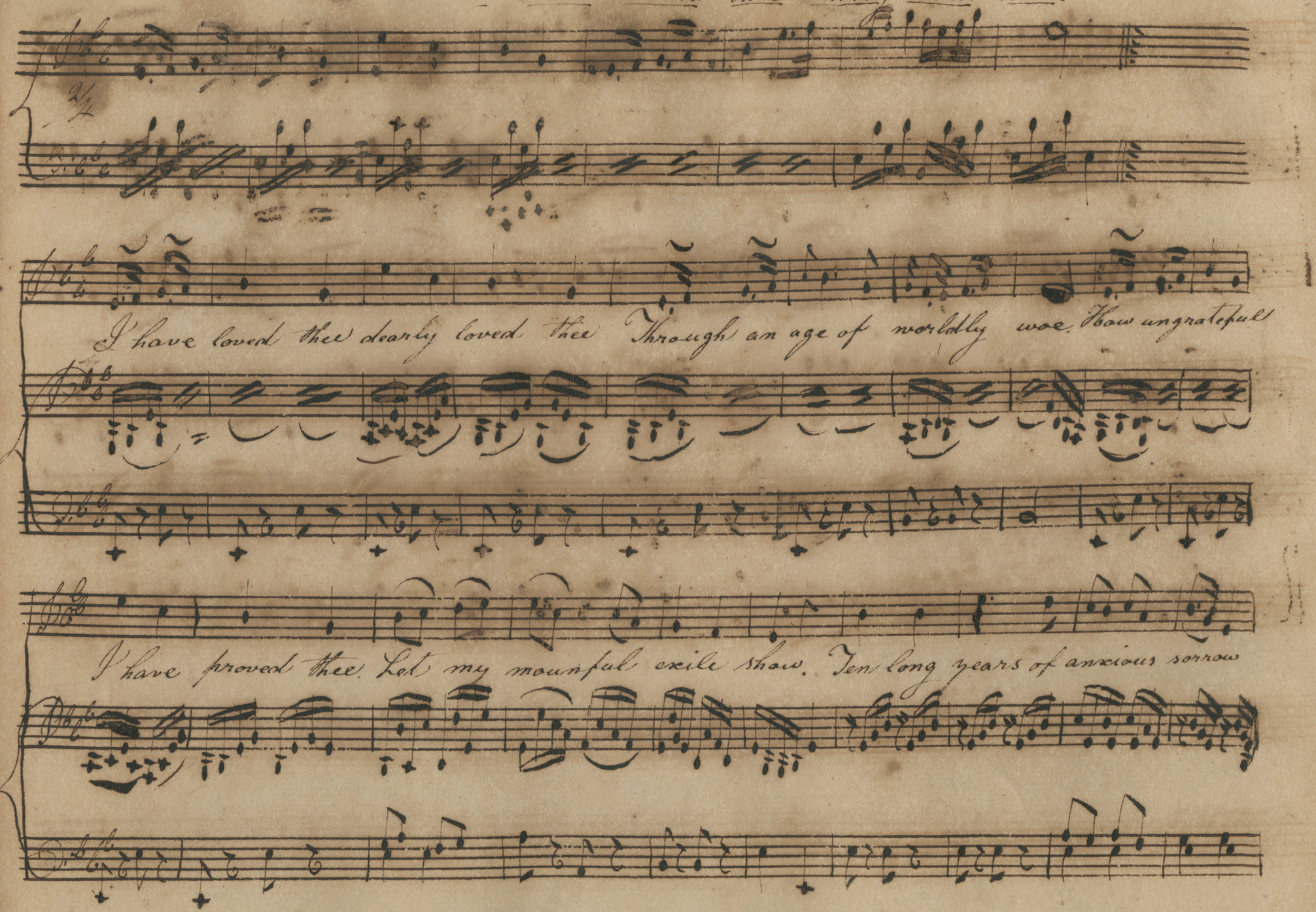
Quick Step.

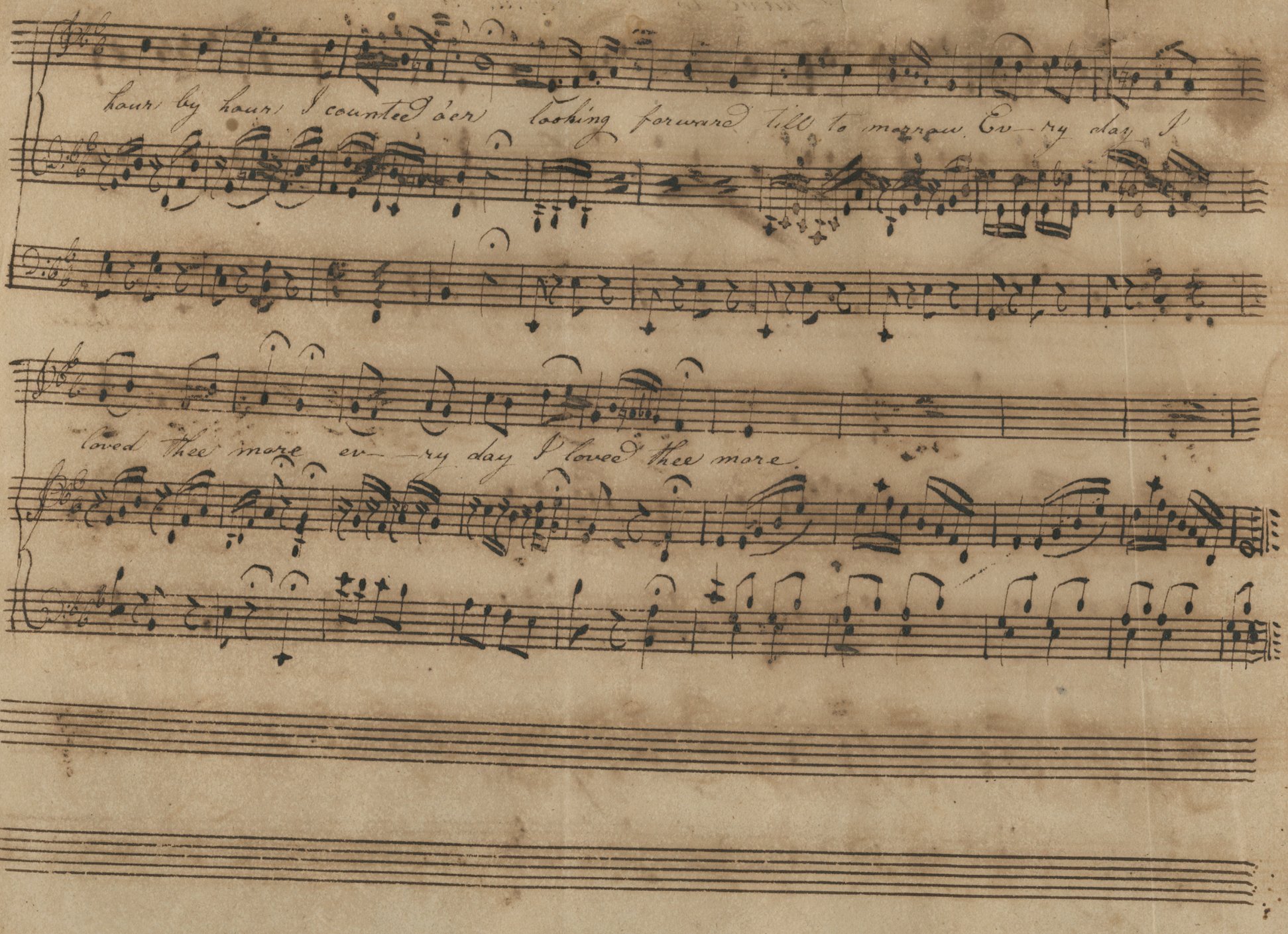


Day's of absence



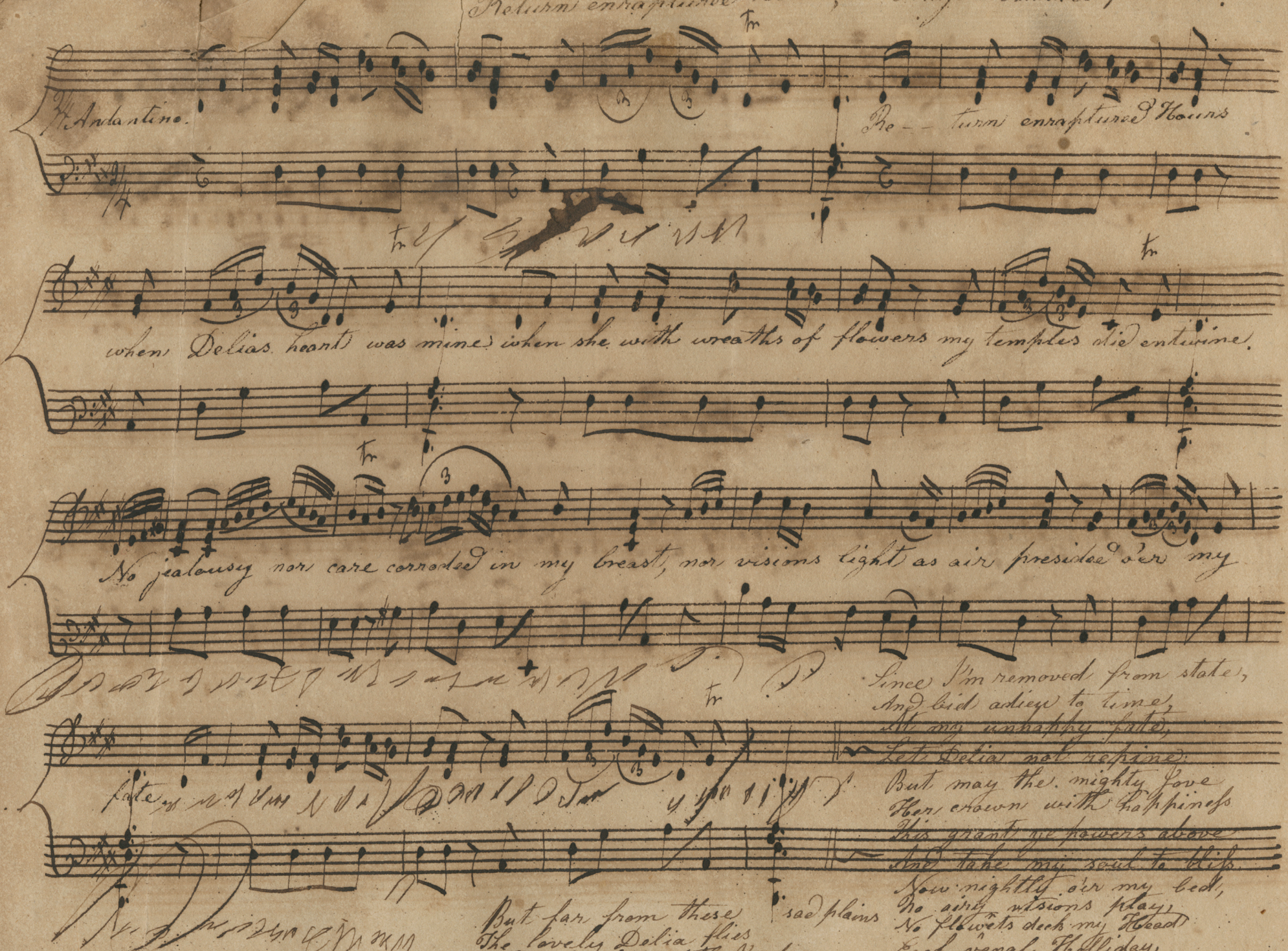
I have loved thee dearly loved thee.




hour by hour I counted o'er looking forward till to morrow. Ev—ry day I
loved thee more ev—ry day I love'd thee more.

Returns enraptured Hours, or Major Andres farewell.

Andantino.



Sing Hallelujah.

Sing Hallelujah praise the Lord sing with a cheerful Voice exalt our God with

one accord and in his name rejoice more cease to sing thou ransomed host praise

Father, Son, and Holy Gost! untill in realms of endless light, your praises shall unite.

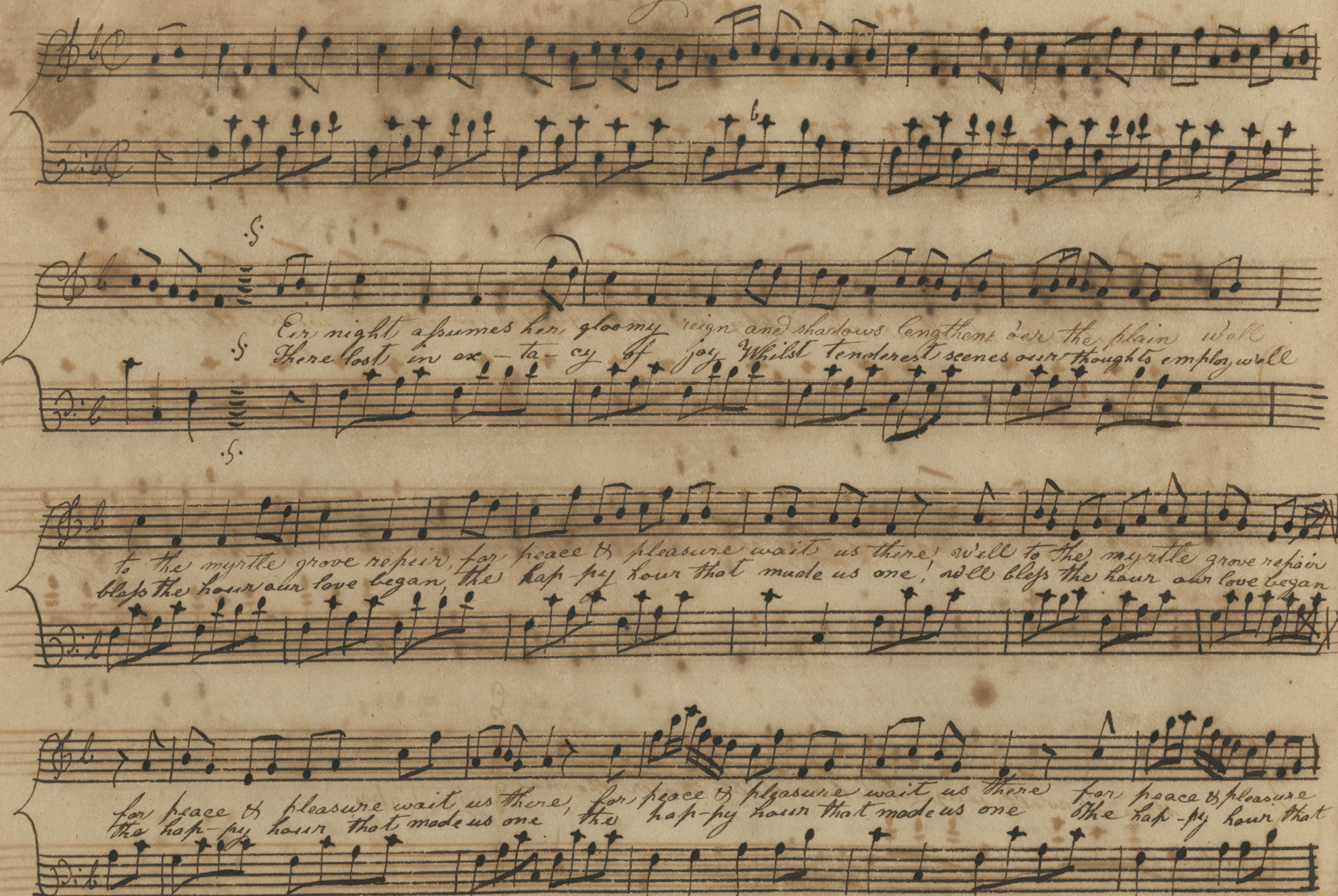
There we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic Hays;

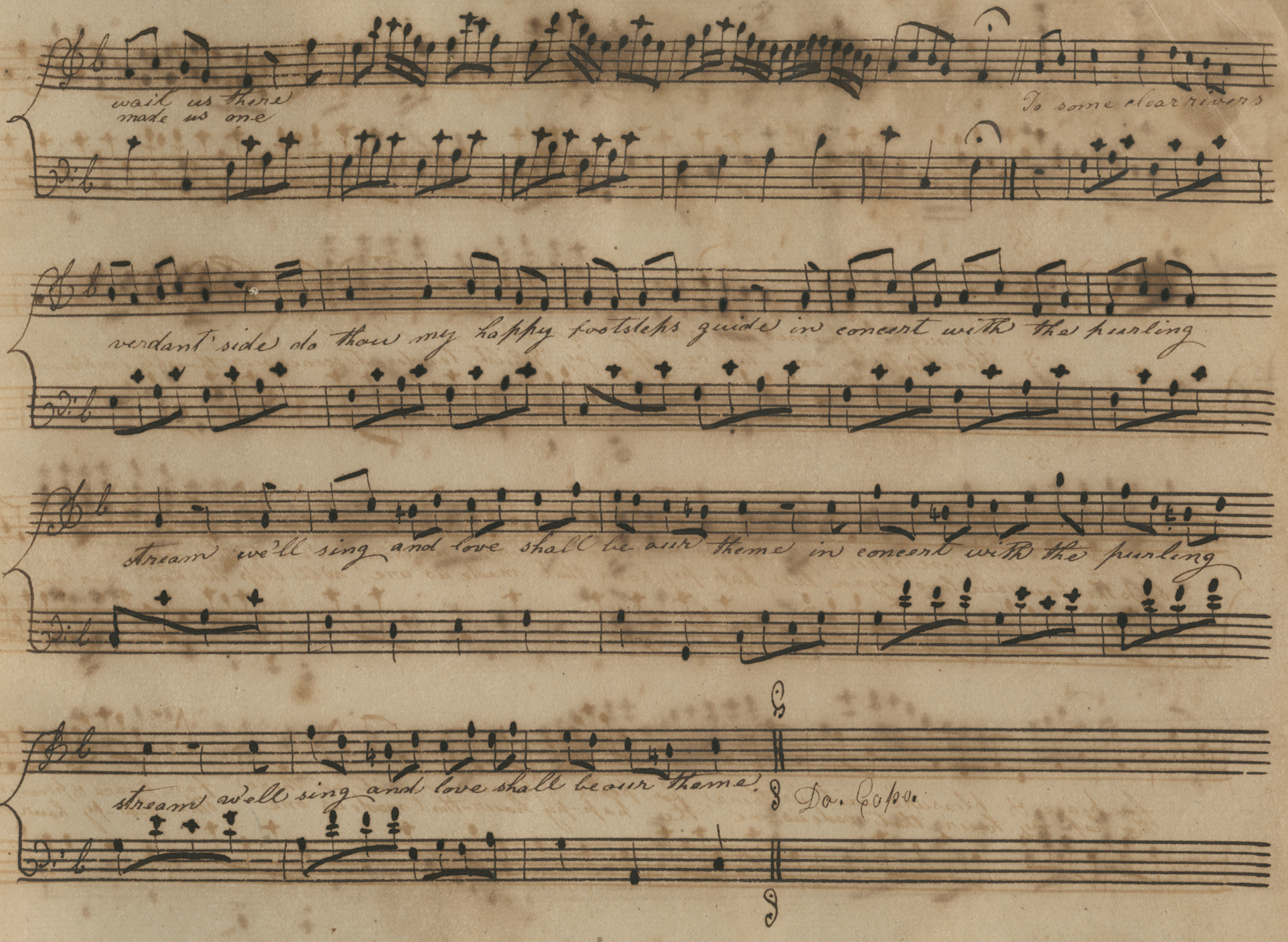
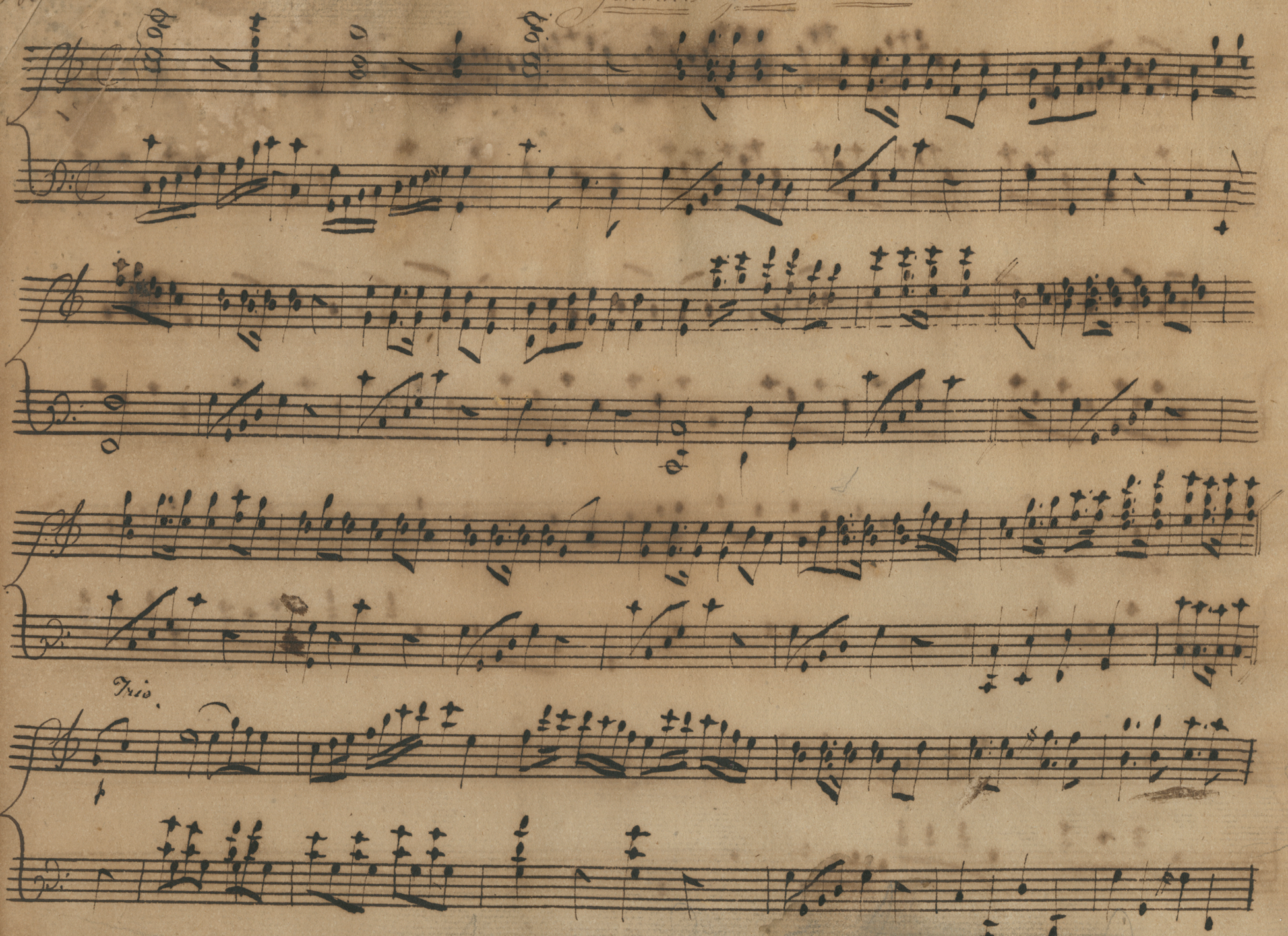
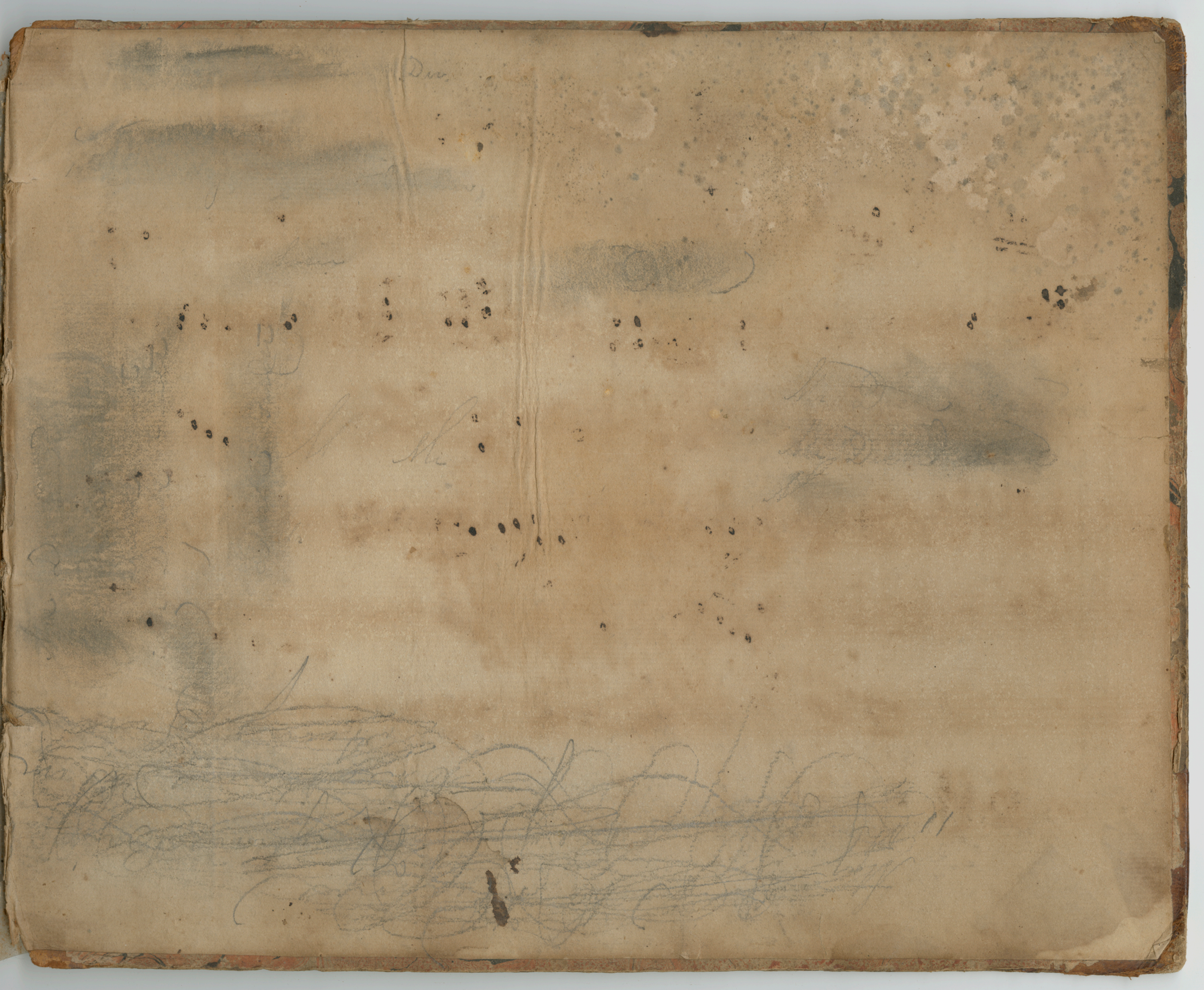
He hath redeem'd us by his blood
And made us kings and priests to God

And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviours praise.

For us for us the Lamb was slain
Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

Evening.


Ere night assumes her gloomy reign and shadows lengthen o'er the plain walk
There lost in ex – ta – cy of joy, Whilst tenderest scenes our thoughts employ will
to the myrtle grove repair, for peace & pleasure wait us there, will to the myrtle grove repair
bless the hour our love began, the hap-py hour that made us one, will bless the hour our love began
for peace & pleasure wait us there, for peace & pleasure wait us there for peace & pleasure
the hap-py hour that made us one, the hap-py hour that made us one the hap-py hour that


wait us there
made us one
To some clear rivers
verdant side do thou my happy footsteps guide in concert with the purling
Stream we'll sing and love shall be our theme in concert with the purling
stream we'll sing and love shall be our theme.
Da. Capo.

General Jones's March.